



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

HIGHER education as the chief subject of consideration at a dinner where the leading business men of the city were the principal guests, would seem at first thought to be a little out of place. When Mr. A. E. Ames, president of the Board of Trade, assembled over a hundred of Toronto's leading citizens noted for their wealth of mind or money, or both, as his guests at the Toronto Club on Wednesday night, he successfully demonstrated the wisdom of making a brief toast-list develop the discussion of advanced ideals of business and education. After the toast of the King there were but two others, the Legislature and our Colleges and Universities. In responding to the former, Premier Ross earnestly urged the broadest possible policy for the development of Canada's business. Without regard to political attachments or theoretical prejudices, he favored the adoption of such a tariff as promised to do Canada most good, developing her resources and the manufacture of her products at home for export. In order to have our own workmen prepare our crude products so that they may be of the maximum value to be acceptable abroad, while incurring the minimum freight in transportation, it would be necessary for us to have the most intelligent, skillful and artistic workmen that the best thought of the country can possibly attract or develop. To educate such workmen, further progress must be made in technical and artistic studies, that beauty of form as well as cheapness of cost may attract the foreign purchaser. He advocated a system approaching as nearly as possible a consular service, to find out the best markets, and permanent exhibits in foreign countries of those manufactured articles by which Canada hopes to attract foreign purchasers. His promise to assist such projects was received with cheers, and he even went so far as to mention the giving of four or five thousand dollars a year to aid manufacturers unitedly to make a display in some great British city.

Replying to the toast of Our Colleges and Universities, Provost Macklem of Trinity appealed to the business men of this province to take a greater interest in the establishment of a university which would be second to none in this country, and which would make us less reliant upon the universities of other countries for the highest development of thought. He thought it would be an agreeable and pleasant diversion from the regular routine of their business if they would take hold of the problem of developing a great institution. He was in favor of the management of a university, one side of which was certainly a great business enterprise, being undertaken by business men, thus leaving the educational features as the only task of those who had been developed along that line. A busy man had always to be busy about something, and it was not good for him to confine himself to what might prove the narrowing routine of the vocation by which he hoped to make money. In Toronto this had not been the programme of our leading business men as much as it had been at Montreal, but he hoped the dinner given by Mr. Ames would mark a new era in the consideration of so important a question. Furthermore, business men for their material interests should try to develop a strong, capable and cultured class who would give steadiness and solidity to the community, and this could only be done by the higher education of as many as possible who, as leaders of public opinion and conduct, would make the community more progressive ethically as well as materially.

Mr. J. W. Flavell spoke regretfully of the tendency to make the acquisition of wealth the main object of a business man's life. Successful trading and the development of successful traders he thought by no means enough to ensure the success and greatness of a nation. One of the most disappointing things he had noticed was the disregard of the graduates of colleges for their alma mater. After receiving the benefits of these institutions the majority of graduates seem to totally disregard the claims of the institutions they had used as stepping-stones, and to be thoroughly lacking in esprit de corps. He hoped that the Premier would not be at all hurt if he suggested that institutions whose merit deserved additional assistance should receive it, and that without merit nothing should be either asked or given. He thought that all the dead timber should be discarded, and that effete, useless and incompetent men should be put out of our higher educational institutions just as such material is disposed of in business concerns, so that only the best and most meritorious would be in positions of such responsibility. Mr. Flavell's remarks made a deep impression, coming as they did from a business man who is evidently conscientious and impressed by a sense of responsibility. Brief remarks were made by others in the same strain, and Toronto is certainly deeply in Mr. Ames' debt for having brought these topics so closely to the attention of his many friends in the business community. As a host he delighted the company with the dryness of his humor and his tact as a toastmaster, and it is certainly to be hoped that the occasion will have the effect which he designed.

THE launching on Monday by the Bertram Engine Works Company of the magnificent steamer "Montreal" for the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company, marked an important era in the ship-building industry of Toronto. The "Montreal" is to ply between the city after which it is named, and Quebec, and can therefore be considered as a product of inland waters going to service amongst ocean ships. True, she will ply on the River St. Lawrence, but it is only lately that those needing such a vessel have learned to look inland for its construction instead of across the ocean or in an United States dockyard. Fitted up with the most modern and powerful machinery, with 260 staterooms, it is claimed for her that she will be the most luxurious and perfect vessel on the inland waters of this continent. It was eminently proper that the occasion should be fittingly celebrated, and the generous banquet given by the builders of the "Montreal" to the officers of the company into whose fleet she has gone, will be remembered as appropriately marking the event. Leading men in the transportation business of Canada, prominent capitalists of Montreal, Kingston and our own city, made the occasion notable by their presence and speeches. Collingwood, which has a prosperous ship-building industry, was also well represented, and the gathering will doubtless have an important effect in encouraging the improvement and use of our immense water stretches and their artificial connections. The most striking note in the speeches made at the banquet was in the references made to the control of railway rates by water competition, and the necessity of finding a means of egress for the rapidly increasing products of the Canadian West. The 60,000,000 bushels of Western wheat of last year, it was prophesied would before many years become 600,000,000, and the steady growth of the output would task transportation companies of all sorts to an extent for which no preparation is being fittingly made. Though the fact was not mentioned, it should not be forgotten that some of our competitors, though further from the British market, can get their products to the sea much more readily than Canada. Australia's insular position is of great assistance to her. A three-thousand-ton ship can sail up the Amazon for 2,600 miles, and the Rio de la Plata furnishes an outlet for the cattle and wheat of Ar-

gentina, and a long Atlantic coast further reduces the difficulties of transportation. Canada certainly must not lag in the race nor go to sleep with the idea that she alone is in the possession of a great inland waterway. New Orleans, at the mouth of the Mississippi, is rivalling New York, Baltimore and Boston in its shipments of cereals and flour, and everywhere the world seems to be waking up to the idea of carrying nothing by land which can be so much more cheaply conveyed by water.

THE demand of the City Engineer for considerably over half a million dollars to repair and extend the waterworks system, has suggested to some of the opponents of public ownership of such necessary monopolies, that we are paying a big price for the satisfaction of "bossing" our water supply. Yet no public man dare suggest the handing over of the waterworks to a private corporation. He would be hooted out of town or sent to the crazy-house. If we had the gas works, the electric light, the telephone system, even as well arranged as our water supply, we could well afford to pay large sums both at the beginning and for re-

Another circular and an addressed post card accompanied the letter, and the batch of them, together with the paper itself, the back page of which bore the announcement of the same advertiser, were brought from the border to the Toronto address without paying postage. The postage arrangement between the United States and Canada provides for the free delivery in each country of the mail matter from the other carried to the international border, and this is the way that United States publishers and advertisers abuse the privilege. The gentleman who sent me the New York paper mentioned is a regular subscriber to it, and no doubt the managers of the paper had either lent their subscription list, which is a large one, to the advertiser, or had allowed their clerks to typewrite the name and address on the circular. In either case collusion was shown between the two, and the United States postal authorities could make it very hot for the publisher, though our own post-office authorities would be powerless to do anything more than search incoming papers and refuse to deliver them if they contained matter forbidden by the postal laws. It is no wonder that Canadian newspapers are unable to

the paper making, or anything else. I have no statistics to bear me out, but I am sure the amount of printed matter which comes from the United States to Canada is vastly greater than that which goes from here. Canadian publishers should abandon all their little differences and move on Ottawa at the coming session as a solid phalanx, demanding a just copyright law, more rigid inspection of the publications that come into this country, and a better adjustment of the postage convention.

THE suggestion of a large military escort for Sir Wilfrid Laurier when he attends the coronation seems to me utterly silly. It is out of harmony with our democratic institutions, the character of our people, and the purpose of his visit. In feudal ages, when rulers met to do honors to an over-lord, or when kings held conference, the larger the armed retinue surrounding each chief or potentate the more important the proprietor of the escort became. In those days the only way to make an exhibition of power was to assemble soldiers, but now the quiet diplomatist who slips up to the palace in a closed hack is able to excite more consternation or give more pleasure than can be caused by a display of troops. A semi-barbarous pageantry of the past has no place in the organization of Canadian loyalty. If we want a gala day in one of our towns or villages we call out the troops and the firemen or have a callithumpian procession, but only to draw a crowd and give some color to the scene. London will be crowded enough, and there are troops enough within easy reach to make the multitude wonder, so why should we contribute of our somewhat crude military material? Every year soldiers are being more regarded as national police reserved for the hour of danger, and I can see no reason why our militarism should not be let rest at that.

STAFF INSPECTOR ARCHIBALD called on me the other day in a spirit of explanation rather than resentment, with reference to the connection of the Morality Department with the three episodes which I criticized last week. He had no excuse whatever to offer for the dressing in rags of the children of an ordinarily well behaved man who had gone on a spree, and the taking of their photograph in connection with empty whiskey bottles and other accessories of a drunkard's home. He had had nothing to do with it, and admitted that it was indefensible, and had been the work of an over-zealous agent of the Children's Aid Society to show what was being accomplished by that organization. The arrest of the blind man's daughter and the halting of her through the streets to the police station was also the work of a constable of the same society, and all that he (Inspector Archibald) had to do with it was the ordering of her dismissal and the warning of the special constable, who, it is said, has been, or is to be, relieved of his office, to be more careful in future.

In the other instance he had yielded to the solicitation of the young woman's brother and mother, and had at once refused to have anything more to do with the case when the young woman refused to go home with those relatives. She had been subjected to no public embarrassment or private indignity, and if it had not been for the newspapers the matter would have obtained no publicity. He expresses himself as grateful for the moderate tone in which the various incidents had been criticized, and while not asking for anything further to be said about it, was simply anxious to have it understood that his position is an exceedingly difficult one. Every year in the neighborhood of three thousand complaints are reported to him. Many of these require the most delicate handling and the greatest privacy in investigation. Personal animus had to be separated from a desire for the personal good of those who were reported to him as going wrong or in danger of doing so, and the public welfare and private reputations both had to be protected from injury. He was frequently induced or forced to act under the most painful circumstances which it was impossible for him to explain, and he was consequently accused of being officious and being a busybody when he was simply trying to do his duty and prevent any disturbance reaching the surface.

I am glad that last week I admitted the great delicacy of the position of the Morality Department, for on hearing some little account of the situations in which the Inspector sometimes finds himself I rather wondered that he has escaped with so little criticism; criticism, too, to which he could not reply in the majority of cases for the sake of others. To be called in as the peacemaker in broils domestic and otherwise is not a happy line of life, but someone has to do that sort of thing, and it is doubtful if on the whole a better man could be found than the present occupant of the position. It seems to me, however, that all the societies of a philanthropic sort which occasionally have to resort to legalized force to accomplish their purposes, should look to the Morality Inspector for such advice and assistance as they need in such cases. It is he who has charge of the records of those who are alleged to be bad, and police action, either punitive or preventive, which should never be resorted to in such cases except under great stress, can certainly be best directed by him.

READERS of this page will perhaps recall a prediction made when the Pan-American Congress began its yet uncompleted session in the City of Mexico, that nothing of value to the republics in conference was likely to be evolved, as their distrust of each other is so great and the combined dislike and fear of all the Latin-American nations are always in evidence when the United States approaches them. However, what is likely to be called the "Diaz doctrine" has been formulated as a safeguard or supplement to the much discussed Monroe doctrine. Senor Alfredo Chavero, one of the Mexican delegates, speaking at a dinner tendered by Mexico to the visiting representatives, expressed the following sentiment: "The international law of America is founded on peace, which in its turn depends on respect for the sovereignty, independence and territorial integrity of each and all of the republics of America." This is what is being called the Diaz doctrine, named after the President of Mexico, and enunciated probably as a warning to the United States, a country which is reputed to still have a territorial hunger despite the absorption of Texas and California, the purchase of Alaska and the Danish Islands; a reputation no doubt caused by its tendency to talk of absorbing Canada, annexing Cuba, building the Panama canal, and "protecting" various South and Central American republics.

The United States has not yet given its authoritative adhesion to the new doctrine, and it must be remembered that no definition of the Monroe doctrine, either when it originated or since it has become the habit to insist upon its recognition by the Powers, has bound the United States to refrain from acquiring territory either north or south of it. As this is the case, no such promise would now settle the nerves of the Latin republics, nor would it be even useful in binding either the present or future politicians of the United States. The present rather unhappy outcome of the Pan-American Congress, as far as the United States is concerned, will perhaps serve to show that republic that its diplomacy is suspected not only in Europe, but



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

The German Emperor's Brother will shortly tour the United States. The Czar of Russia, the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry are three cousins remarkable for their personal resemblance.

pairs. Heavy as the burden seems to those who consume large quantities of water, they know too well what a monopoly would do to them ever to dream of returning to the old plan. The ordinary consumers do not appreciate the meaning of having absolutely all the water they want at a trifling cost. If they were taking it from a company they would probably get half a dozen bucketfuls a day for the price they now pay for an unlimited supply.

Of course machinery wears out, and water-pipes after a while begin to leak, but it is the poorest kind of economy to leave the leaks unattended and pay big prices for coal to pump the water into the sewers. I have always been a believer in bringing our water supply from the lake levels high above us, for then there would be no more new engines to buy, and the water could be trusted to run downhill in sufficient quantities to supply us at a very much lower rate than we have to pay for pumping it uphill. Such large outlays must be almost immediately made, aggregating over three-quarters of a million dollars, that it might be well for those who are discussing the bringing into Toronto of electric power, to consider the advisability of turning both the water and the electrical energy of Lake Simcoe in this direction. The pollution of the bay and adjacent portions of the lake, the necessity of a trunk sewer, the immediate expenditure of \$100,000 each for intake pipes and new engines, all demand a complete and permanent plan and a large policy looking towards the growth and necessities of the city.

A BUSINESS friend some days ago sent me a copy of "Collier's Weekly," a widely circulated New York paper, containing three enclosures just as he received them from the office of publication. The circular was practically a letter, his name, initials and address having been typewritten on it as if it were regular correspondence.

get advertisements from many of those United States concerns which are appealing to the people of this Dominion for business, and when asked the advertisers reply that they cover this territory by advertising in the "American" publications which come in here in such large quantities. If the "sharp" publishers on the other side of the line permit their advertisers to enclose letters and all sorts of advertising trash in the publications which come here unexamined, they are obtaining a use of our mail which no Canadian publisher or advertiser dare attempt without almost certainty of detection. Apparently the United States postal authorities do not object to this sort of thing so long as it is Canada that gets the worst of it, even though their own revenue is more or less defrauded. I forwarded the whole batch of stuff to the Department at Ottawa, and it is to be hoped that this abuse will be stopped.

The flood of daily and weekly newspapers, magazines, catalogues and printed trash which comes into Canada from the neighboring republic is scandalous. If the Canadian publisher attempts to bring in white paper he has to pay an exceedingly heavy duty, but when the same white paper is sent in covered with printing intended to injure not only the publication business, but, as is frequently the case, the morals and loyalty of the people as well—the last issue of "Collier's Weekly," by the way, contained an offensive article on the annexation of Canada—it is free of duty and is carried for nothing in the mails. When it comes in bulk it is seldom searched by the customs officers, but is duty free, and competes in an illegitimate manner with home productions. British copyright stuff is dumped upon us at second hand in this way. Articles, stories, and all sorts of literary material produced in the United States obtain a British copyright, or through the laxity of our own laws get a copyright in Canada, and then come in printed by aliens and we get no advantage by either the typesetting,

nearer home. The only solace that Uncle Sam can find is that neither the Diaz doctrine nor the Monroe doctrine can prevent the tail-twister from talking about absorbing Canada—a consummation so unutterably remote that not even Canadians themselves can be persuaded to even argue the matter.

SOME of the English reviews have at last seen the point in the jockeying of the United States Congress with regard to the Nicaragua and Panama canal schemes, and their opinions have been cabled to this country. The "Saturday Review" remarks: "The Americans have made a very good bargain (with the Panama directors), better, perhaps, than is seen in international dealings." The "Outlook" says: "With extreme cleverness the Americans, under cover of establishing a great national principle, made the French owners of the Panama route eager to sell their property. The Americans were perfectly persuaded all along that the Panama route was the better one in nearly every particular." These opinions are quite in line with the one I expressed two weeks ago, and it seems to me strange that while our Yankee neighbors were snickering behind their hands and the English reviewers were quite seized of the facts, the newspapers of this country with one accord had missed the point, or at least had failed to make any remark.

THIS year promises to be a busy one in Canada owing to the construction and improvement of railways. MacKenzie and Mann intend to push the Great Northern across the prairies towards the Yellowhead Pass of the Rockies. The Northern Pacific is not unlikely to re-enter Manitoba; the Canadian Pacific has been authorized to increase its capital by \$20,000,000, which sum is to be expended in extending and double-tracking sections of its line, building elevators, shops, etc.; and the purchase of the Canada Atlantic by those controlling the New York Central means additional millions in improving, extending and equipping the road, and the building of elevators and the running of steamers. So far none of this money seems to be coming out of the public chest, even the Ontario Government, in building the Temiscamingue road, retaining the constructed line as an asset. Of course all the work cannot be done this year, but the proposition is large enough to ensure us against great financial depression in the very near future. It is after periods of great activity in railroad construction, and not during them, when we have reason to look for severe depressions.

THE inspection of voluntary schools by the officer provided for the purpose of overlooking the Public school system, is the intent of a bill which is being offered in the Legislature, in cases where such schools and seminaries have an average attendance of twenty pupils and the teachers hold certificates from the Education Department. The meaning of this proposal is evident to those who understand the movement, particularly amongst the Anglicans, as practically favoring Separate schools. I am heartily opposed to anything likely to weaken the Public school system, which will always be at its best if semi-religious or would-be aristocratic sections of the community are prevented from becoming state-aided offshoots. Instead of the bill which is being offered, one should take its place demanding the inspection of all voluntary schools which accept primary pupils, that is, children under twelve years of age. Such children should be regarded as wards of the state, and not only should their attendance at a school of some kind be insisted upon, but the school used should be examined to see that it comes up to the standard of the Public schools, both in teachers and curriculum. All sorts of private schools are in existence, some of them good, some poor, some bad, some worse, as regards both teachers and methods. I do not believe that these private schools should receive any portion of the public taxes, but I do believe that all of them accepting primary pupils should receive a full share of the school inspector's attention, be charged therefor, and should be licensed or forbidden to exist.

SO much stress has been laid upon one particular phase of the Canadian climate in literary and artistic productions, that the world can scarcely be blamed for obstinately holding to the idea that the Dominion is an ice-bound and snow-covered country during the greater portion of the year. That this misconception exists and is appallingly widespread is admitted, and the harm that it has done in heading off the tide of immigration and capital from the better half of North America can never be computed. Yet in the face of such a condition, Canadians themselves foolishly persist in emphasizing what is really only an incidental characteristic of their country as its chief glory and delight. The winter carnival now going on at Quebec is a case in point. The temporary gain of a few shop-keepers, hotel and boarding-house proprietors, is served at the expense of the permanent interests of the whole country. The carnival has been advertised extensively, with all the usual pictorial display of frigid landscapes, cuts of tobogganing, snowshoeing, skiing, and other time-honored features that make the chills chase one another up and down one's backbone, even on paper. In view of the fallacious ideas that obtain as to Canada, this is surely not good business for the country at large, and it is high time it was stopped. Some years ago the Department of the Interior adopted the very proper policy of refusing to advertise in Christmas publications containing articles and views calculated to convey the idea that the Dominion is a land of ice palaces and snow drifts, inhabited by people who wear blankets or bearskins and go about on snowshoes. That policy is still in force, so far as the Government is concerned, and the latter is not to be held responsible for the official sanction and patronage seemingly bestowed on the Quebec carnival through the presence of the Governor-General and party, made up largely of titled visitors from England. Lord and Lady Minto and their friends, it appears, went down to the Ancient Capital with an outfit of blanket coats and picturesque accessories that are never seen in Canada except on such an occasion as the present. They could not be content to reach Quebec by ordinary means, but must needs cross the St. Lawrence in canoes. The despatches do not mention war paint, feathers, tomahawks, or scalping knives, but it would surprise no one to learn that these had figured in the outfit. And the worst of it all is that photographs of the more frigid features of these celebrations invariably get into the English and American illustrated papers. I think the sober sentiment of the Canadian people, outside of Quebec and Ottawa, is that such tomfoolery should stop.

TWO recent Associated Press items coming close together, suggested an idea which I had before thought of a dozen times as a suitable topic for discussion. One was the case of a fifteen-year-old Canadian girl—a farmer's daughter—who committed suicide because she had been candidly told that at a dance she had attended her male companion was unsuitable, and not to attend a similar affair in the same company. Next morning she was found dead, having left the following note to her father and brother:

"Dear Father and Brother,—I cannot be with you allways. You all seem to think that I have disgraced you all. I think I will put a finishing touch on it all. I will my soul to God, and pray that you will go to heaven when you die, and I die forever. I hope people will be able to talk about me to their satisfaction when I am gone. Good-bye to all. God be merciful to me. Lottie."

"Give the ring to Harry. The comb is Clara King's." In the other case the daughter of an Ohio farmer was "keeping company" with an objectionable man, who, calling before daybreak, demanded admittance that he might see the girl. Being refused, he started to draw a revolver and was shot dead by the girl's father, who does not seem to have been much blamed. Some time ago I had occasion to call attention to the suicide of a lad who was disappointed because a young lady did not meet him at a place where she had no right to go at the hour which had been fixed upon. Similar

occurrences are continually staring in the face families who take daily newspapers, and unless parents give good advice which the newspapers do not offer, morbid notions will creep into the minds of the immature which may produce tragedies likely to desolate the home. The minds of girls who are approaching womanhood and of boys who are almost men are very susceptible; and as human nature is imitative, morbid fancies fasten upon suicide as a ready means of escape from what seems to be a terrible embarrassment or a hopeless love affair. The precocity of the modern youngster is probably underestimated. Before young people can appreciate values or learn to separate the worthless and immaterial from the all-important, their minds are rendered morbid by improper companions, contacts, bad environments, trashy literature, or a natural bent toward foolish sentimentality. In many instances where the parents suspect nothing but perverseness or bad instincts, this formative period in the lives of those who are maturing is full of danger, particularly if no strong foundation of obedience, morality and consideration for the feelings and rights of others has been laid. Parents should anticipate the coming of this period of what is called "calf love" and "fool adventure," but in the majority of cases it is to be feared they do nothing of the kind, and that neither at home, at church, nor at school, are young people prepared to resist what becomes the overwhelming force of an imaginary crisis.

The fifteen-year-old girl who committed suicide after she had passed through the first crisis or fool adventure, whichever you may call it, in her little life, should not have desired to go to a dance with a grown companion while she was in short frocks and braids. Her guardians should have prevented such a thing happening, but when it did happen, should perhaps have been less severe in their criticism. Who knows? It is unnecessary to judge; the importance of the incident is found in the warning it should be to parents. What right had the sixteen-year-old Ohio girl to an objectionable "fellow" who had the effrontery to choose an unseasonable hour and demand admittance as his right? Here is another point which parents and young folks might consider. Conventionalities are not foolish; they are the usages which centuries of experience have found beneficial as social laws, and they should not be modified except as circumstances and environment make absolutely necessary. Young fellows think they have a right to see the girl they think they love at any time without regard to conventionalities or the opinions of parents. Because a man fancies a young woman, his preference for her gives him no right of possession, nor can he expect the father and mother to yield up their guardianship simply because of his fancy. They have cared for her in infancy, childhood and growing youth, and presumably they love her with a more steadfast affection than can be inspired in a lad or young man by admiration. Both parties to an "attachment" should appreciate this, though too often they act as if the world only held the two of them.

I have chosen extreme cases in order to accentuate what, it seems to me, is much neglected in the education of Canadian youth. In the Old World, Germany particularly, the scholars are taught by their teachers to respect and honor their parents and to be grateful for the sacrifices which the father and mother make for the education of the child. Every day a child is reminded of its dependence upon its parents, is taught to look to those parents for advice, affection and protection, and the beauty of German family life is the result of the continuous attention to this phase of character-building. There are some things which parents cannot effectively teach their children. The father or mother who is continually dinging into the ears of the family that he or she is sacrificing much for their sake, gets to be held cheaply, as everyone is held who talks too much of himself or herself. The mother can teach the child how much the father is doing for it, and the father can teach the same youngster what a mother's sacrifices mean, but only to a limited extent, and this sort of co-operation is too rare in families. In the schools of the old countries experience has shown it necessary that the teachers should undertake the responsibility of bringing the pupil to a proper understanding of the mutual responsibilities of parents and child. In this country, I am afraid, neither parents nor teachers make sufficient effort in this direction, for even the instilling of politeness is often forgotten, and good manners, which should be the product of both the home and the school, are rare in those who have not yet reached the age where proper behavior forces itself upon them as a necessity if they wish to be respected.

It is a misfortune for either a lad or a maiden to be too much grown up at fifteen or sixteen or seventeen. It is a still worse misfortune if they imagine they know more than their parents. But it is the climax of misery, both to themselves and those to whom they belong, if they get into the desperate condition of believing that they must have the one they love, or die. Poor things, they forget that they are liable to live for fifty years, to change their minds over fifty times a year, and that an imprudence in early youth may embitter, though it should not destroy more than fifty weeks of anybody's life. The doctrine of an error being irretrievable is too often taught in order to frighten children into obedience and circumspection, and when the youngsters discover that they have made a bad mistake they are apt to try to throw themselves away. It seems to me that the reasonable course is the best one to prevent tragic results, for while mistakes may alter the whole tenor of a man's or woman's life, may drive them from the social class into which they were born, and induce them to begin life somewhere else, yet who knows whether the change is not for the better, or that the life has not been made more useful by a preliminary shock?

Social and Personal.

MISS MOWAT is going south to-day for some weeks, and the Thursday receptions at Government House will be discontinued.

Mrs. Michie gave a perfectly delightful afternoon tea to a vast crowd of her own and her daughters' lady friends on Wednesday afternoon. The three convenient rooms on the drawing-room floor, with their wide folding doors, were thrown open in a vista ending with a pretty table, centered with very fine pink roses and other sweet blooms, and lighted with pink-shaded candles. Mrs. Michie was assisted in receiving by her elder daughter, and the three others, Mrs. Cowan and Misses Annie and Sophie Michie, with their fair bride-cousins, Mrs. Anderson of Pembroke street, and a dear lassie, Annie Stewart, granddaughter of the hostess, were busy looking after the good things and the guests, that each should frequently meet the other. One has not often enjoyed such a jolly tea, and the raid upon the lingering ladies made by Captain Michie and a few "calling for" husbands wound up the function in a gale of fun. The guests were too many to enumerate.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sears of Kingston have sent out invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Miriam Sears, and Mr. Luman Sherwood, which takes place on February twentieth at eight o'clock p.m. at "Heathfield," Princess street, Kingston.

A Paardeberg dinner on the anniversary of that momentous battle is to be given by His Excellency Lord Minto at Ottawa, and the Toronto Transvaal veteran officers have, I hear, received invitations. Major Cockburn, V.C., is also to be one of the Governor-General's guests.

The driving section of the Hunt Club have had two fine snowy Saturdays for their bright and picturesque meet in Queen's Park. Tandem ponies, smart equipages, and a jolly time have been remarkable. To-day a meet will be held if weather is favorable.

A very jolly dinner was given at the club by Mr. MacKenzie Alexander as a "bon voyage" to Mr. S. F. McKinnon, who has, with Mrs. McKinnon, sailed for Europe this week.

It was jolly enough in the earlier stages, but about nine o'clock the piper of the 48th arrived on the scene, and the Scotchmen had a rare frolic after their banquet. I hear it was not the smallest nor the next smallest of the "wee sma' hours" they talk of, when the last Scottish reel was "dancit."

The marriage of Miss Helen Louise Gzowski, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Casimir Gzowski of The Hall, Toronto, and granddaughter of the late Sir Casimir Gzowski and Lady Gzowski, and Mr. Frederick N. Beardmore of Montreal, formerly of Chudleigh, took place at half-past two on Thursday afternoon at the Church of the Ascension, Richmond street west. The rector, Rev. G. A. Kuhring, was the officiating minister. The bride was brought in and given away by her father. Miss Gzowski's bridal robe was of the richest ivory satin, the skirt trained and without trimming. The bodice was of satin, with long sheath sleeves, and an exquisite scarf of Irish lace was draped across it, and arranged so that each end formed loose angel sleeves over the satin. The guimpe was also of lace, quaintly folded over the neck and removable. The veil was of old Irish lace, and, like the scarf, the gift of Lady Gzowski, both being heirlooms. A face veil of tulle was arranged, and the lace veil drooped back from the pretty head of one of Toronto's most aristocratic maidens in a very becoming fashion. The bridal bouquet was an exquisite new design of white roses and lily of the valley. Miss Gzowski wore some jewels, a diamond pendant from Lady Gzowski, a diamond star and a lovely pearl ornament from other relatives in England. Her wreath was of real orange blossoms, the famous orange tree in The Hall conservatories having done its duty and bloomed perfectly for the bridal day. The bride was attended by a maid of honor, Miss Mary Gzowski, and a bridesmaid, Miss Beardmore of Chudleigh. They wore gowns of pale blue "crepe de Paris" and silver trimmings, white tulle hats touched with pale blue velvet, and white feathers. Miss Wanda and Master Roy Gzowski were a little couple who also attended their sister at her bridal. Miss Wanda wore a frock of white mousseline and lace, and a white tulle hat, and carried a basket of sweet peas. Master Roy was in a white sailor suit. Mr. George Beardmore of Chudleigh was best man. The ushers were Professor McGregor Young of 'Varsity, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, the three young brothers of the bride, Messrs. Alec, Harold and Norman Gzowski, and Messrs. Lissant and Willie Beardmore, nephews of the bridegroom. The ceremony was short and simple, and during the signing of the register Mrs. Frank Mackelcan sang beautifully. The chancel was prettily decorated with the Christmas greens, and beautified by some of Tidy's choicest palms, ferns, and calla lilies, and the same florist supplied the bouquets and the exquisite decorations at The Hall. The groom's gifts to the maids were gold signet rings, and to the little flowergirl a fine gold chain jeweled with opals.

After the ceremony a reception was held in that ideal home, The Hall, where a large company assembled to lay good wishes and farewells at the feet of the beautiful bride. After the reception and congratulations, the cutting of the bride cake, and the drinking of healths, Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore left on the late afternoon train en route for Boston, where they will take their way to Genoa by the "Commonwealth" next week. The bride went away in a smart traveling dress of cadet blue cloth, worn with a blouse of striped white and blue silk, and a black picture hat. The coat was long, with revers faced with white satin covered with lace applique. The bridal tour is to be of some three months' duration, and the bride and groom will visit Lady Gzowski and her daughters, Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Sandham, and other relatives, before returning. The billiard-room at The Hall was filled with the bridal gifts, which were arranged around the room and on a terraced stand on the large billiard table. They ranged from jewels and rare and costly silver services to small dainty trifles worked by loving friends. A beautiful toilet table set, in a handsome cabinet, with every trifle a lady fair could use or take pleasure in looking at, filled one table, the gift of the bride's cousin, Mrs. Striker, nee Turner, Mrs. and Miss Turner. Five charming clocks, a lovely silver teapot, an heirloom of two hundred years in Mr. Gzowski's family; a table full of dainty books, of which the bride is very fond; paintings and mirrors, an inlaid case, an exquisite India worked silver umbrella handle, fairylike needlework, lace, the quaintest of silver-ring chains set with brilliants and dangling a blue enamel horseshoe and a pretty little locket, very Oriental and unusual; all sorts of silver and glass art fancies, a classic little stand of antique bronze, a lovely bronze sea god, lots of handsome things in brass and perfect cut glass; card-cases and scent-bottles, a Sheraton cabinet, candelabra in brass and silver, were among the wealth of gifts that filled the large apartment. Music mingled with the merry voices and laughter of the guests, and with all the bright accompaniments of a perfect winter day, and an exceedingly smart company, the bride of the week left the Gzowski homestead and the city where she has been the acknowledged belle ever since her radiant debut some seasons ago. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beardmore will reside in Montreal, and another is added to the group of charming Toronto women in the older city. Mrs. Thomas Tait, Mrs. Herbert Yates, Mrs. Willie Hope, Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Jack Ross, Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Hanbury Budden, Mrs. Eddie Rykert, are members of this group which Montreal has decoyed by Cupid's wiles. Mrs. Beardmore is the fourth bride to leave the historic Hall, her aunts, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Northey and Mrs. Sandham having in turn worn their orange blossoms within its spacious precincts. Tellers of old tales recall the bride of these ever graceful and charming women, and see in their fair relative another Gzowski, as sweet and to the manor born.

Mrs. R. T. Coady gave a charming tea for her daughter, Miss Edith Coady, last week. Miss Coady came out this season, but family bereavement, I fancy, has delayed the debutante tea so much the rule now with mothers of young society folk. It was a bright and pleasant affair, and three more popular and lovable debutantes never took care of a tea-table than Miss Bud Myles, Miss Aileen Carveth and Miss Alice Baines, who officiated in that way at Miss Coady's tea. The debutante, a daughter of the City Treasurer, is a bright and thoughtful girl, not carried away with social affairs, but always popular with her large circle of friends. Her home was prettily decorated with flowers, and the tea-table was most tastefully arranged. Mrs. Coady presented her daughter to a smart company, who give her best wishes.

The production of "Antigone" in English for the first time in Toronto at Massey Hall on Friday and Saturday of next week is an event which will interest the culture and refinement of Toronto. The stage production and the graceful Greek choric dances will be under the direction of Mr. H. N. Shaw, while Mr. F. H. Torrington will be the conductor of the chorus and orchestra. The Women's Residence of Toronto University is interested in the production.

The Skating Club has also had several pleasant afternoons on the Caledonian Rink, where they have the ice on Tuesdays and Saturdays, with a band and five o'clock tea on the half-holiday. Mr. M. Cameron is a courteous secretary, and a lot of smart people skate.

On Thursday evening Mr. James George entertained his brother officers of the Q.O.R. at dinner, and on Friday Mrs. George gave a ladies' luncheon of twelve covers. Each event was most enjoyable, as such a host and hostess could not fail to make them.

A Shrove Tuesday matinee euehre, given by Mrs. Charles Ritchie of Avenue road, will be a jolly event at the tail of this jolly season. Mrs. Ritchie's home and herself are the pleasantest combine for the enjoyment of her fortunate guests.



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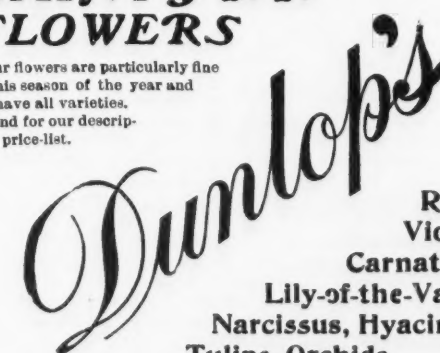
Just to keep business brisk and demonstrate our ability to serve you well in Silk Waists, we shall make to order during this month a French Taffeta, or soft English Silk Waist, exactly like cut, for the ridiculously low price above named. Perfect in fit and workmanship. Order in Black, Cardinal, Cream, White, Pink, Sky, Heliotrope, Gray or Nile. Give measures of bust, waist and inside arm. By mail to any address on receipt of \$2.90.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. E. T. Carter of Homewood avenue gave a very enjoyable At Home on Friday last. The spacious rooms were beautifully decorated, the mantelpieces in the drawing-room being arranged with white marguerites and ferns, pink bridesmaid roses and Southern smilax, the latter looped with wide pink satin ribbon. In the tea-room the polished mahogany table with lace centerpieces held a huge antique brass urn filled with marguerites and ferns and tied with yellow satin ribbon, while at either end were marguerites, daffodils and yellow tulips, with violets, the whole brilliantly lighted with yellow candles in countless brass candlesticks and candelabra, a very beautiful as well as novel idea. Another unusual feature of the function was the charming studio of the clever hostess, whose artistic tastes are well known. The young ladies who waited upon the guests were Miss Lillian Skinner, Miss Edith Stanway, Miss Madeline Carter, Mrs. Charlie Hall, Miss Lillian Allan, Miss Elsie Loudon, Miss Maud Grant, Miss Annie Flett. Mrs. Carter received in a gown of black silk, with yoke and sleeves of all-over black lace and jet. Miss Beatrice Carter, who received with her, wore a becoming gown of old rose crepe de chine, trimmed with cream lace, a bunch of lilies of the valley in her corsage, and pearl ornaments. Amongst the guests were Mrs. G. W. Ross and Miss Ross, Mrs. Robert Wilkes and the Misses Wilkes of Thistledeale, Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mrs. R. S. F. McMaster, Mrs. F. W. Kingston and Miss Kingston, Mrs. S. J. Boddy, Mrs. Archibald, Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. Cox and the Misses Cox, Mrs. Edward Gurney, Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Mrs. Howitt, Miss Howitt, Mrs. J. S. Stratton, Mrs. J. B. Osborne of Beamsville, Mrs. A. A. Allan and the Misses Allan, Mrs. Elmore Harris, Miss Harris, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. S. F. McKinnon, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. J. F. Eby, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Percival Eby, Mrs. Grant of Hamilton, Mrs. J. A. Paterson, Mrs. A. M. Heustis, Mrs. Brodie and the Misses Brodie, Mrs. Macdonald and Miss Macdonald, Miss Henderson, Miss Gunther, the Misses Stanton, Mrs. T. Eaton, Mrs. H. S. Mara, Mrs. T. F. Skinner, Mrs. J. A. Proctor and Miss Proctor, the Misses Phillips, Mrs. J. Price-Brown, Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Anton Hertzberg, Mrs. G. P. Sylvester, Miss Muttelburg, Miss Panquier, Mrs. Hedley and Miss Hedley, Mrs. O'Hara, Mrs. F. Winnett, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. F. E. Moulson, Mrs. P. H. Moulson, Miss Lowndes, Mrs. A. P. Burritt, Miss Smith, Mrs. Beatty, Miss Lillie Lee and Mrs. W. E. Rundle.

Mr. William J. Gomph, A.G.O., official organist of the Pan-American Exposition, was the guest of Mr. T. Alexander Davies at the Mendelssohn Choir concert last week. Mr. Gomph expressed himself as highly delighted with the remarkable excellence of our choir.

Mr. Hamilton Morton, who is one of the young society men, "asked everywhere," and very popular, is sent by the Merchants' Bank, on promotion, to Galt this month. Galt, fortunately, is not very far away. Mr. Morton left for his new post early this week.

An interesting concert is on the tapis for next Thursday evening in St. Peter's Schoolhouse by the St. Peter's Orchestra assisted by several clever soloists. The proceeds of this concert are to augment the fund of the orchestra, which is not in any way assisted by the church, though its worth and usefulness are fully realized. A good attendance is a foregone conclusion, for everything in connection with St. Peter's has got a boom on just now.

Mrs. Will Hyslop's euchre last week was a huge affair, nearly one hundred players being busily engaged in piling up a score for the securing of some of the handsomest prizes of the season. Mrs. Hyslop and several assistants attended to the scoring, and after a couple of hours' play a very elegant little menu was served at the tables lately used for the game, the coolest way possible of enjoying one's tea. Mr. and Mrs. Hyslop have one of the prettiest new Rosedale homes, No. 6 Scarth road, and to some of the guests it was a revelation of taste and comfort, as the euchre was the jolliest of housewarming. Mrs. Hyslop and her equally charming sister, Miss McLeod, were hostess and assistant of the fairest, and there was a clever little daughter, grown up enough to give childish welcome also to the guests, and a jolly little son, who cared not a jot for any of them. Mrs. Hyslop wore coral mousseline, with white lace insertions. Miss McLeod was in white. A sweet and graceful assistant was Mrs. Fletcher Snider of Deer Park. Mrs. Arthur Larke and Mrs. Bradley were also kept busy "punching" the winners. Many beautiful flowers decorated the central hall, drawing-room, dining-room and library, which were all crowded with card-players. The prize-winners were Mrs. Sheak, Mrs. Scales, Mrs. Emil Boeckh and Miss Dottie Lamont.

Mrs. G. W. Johnson of Jarvis street gave a pleasant tea last week, at which a very large number of ladies were guests, quite a party going over from Mrs. Hyslop's euchre at the last moment to enjoy a little chat and a pleasant greeting from Mrs. Johnson, who had kindly promised to extend the hour on their behalf. Mrs. Johnson received in a handsome black lace gown over silk, with transparent gumpie and sleeves, and a rosette of deep pink ribbon on the corsage. The reception-room was done in pink and the tea-table in white and green, with a central branched cut-glass vase filled with white roses, and fern and the prettiest little posies of lily of the valley tied with narrow white ribbons were strewn upon billows of white tulle. Green-shaded candles were used for softly lighting the pretty table, and plenty of men-waiters looked after the refreshments. As the attendance was very large, I find space too limited to mention names of guests.

Quite a lot of smart things were given for the guests of the Ross-Matthews wedding from outside cities, among them being a tea at Northfield, when Mrs. Rutherford received a lot of ladies and was assisted by her daughters, Mrs. Herbert Greene poured tea, and sweet young waitresses were the grandchildren of the house, Miss Hazel Foy, Miss Lou Foy and Miss Phyllis Pipon, in white silk frocks,

trimmed with lace. Some out-of-town visitors beside the marriage party were Miss Folger of Kingston, Mrs. Jack Nesbitt of Hamilton, Mrs. Evans of England, and Mrs. Patterson of Embro, who is stopping at Liawhaden. Others were Mrs. and Miss Macdougall of Carlton Lodge, Mrs. Evelyn of Robb, Lady Thompson, Mrs. Elmsley, Mrs. Harman, Mrs. and Miss G. Buchanan, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. Magann, Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Bickford, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mrs. G. S. Ryerson, Mrs. Reaves, Mrs. Foy, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Andrews of Whispers, Mrs. Armour, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Boite, Mrs. Drynan, Mrs. Timmerman, Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. J. I. and Miss Davidson, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. W. Ince, Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. F. Anglin, Mrs. Ogden Jones, Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, and Misses Melvin-Jones, Elmsley, Arnold, Grace Cawthra, Armour, Barker, and Falconbridge.

Another "apres" to the wedding was Mrs. Grace's luncheon, which was a most charming affair, at McConkey's, on Thursday, given in the Nile Room, and a very happy reunion of some twenty-five or more friends, Mrs. James Ross, Mrs. De Witt, Mrs. Hoar, Mrs. Chambers, Miss Kerr, Lady Shaughnessy, Mrs. Swenson, Mrs. Herrick Duggan, Mrs. Joseph, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Porteous, Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. Reaves, Mrs. G. S. Ryerson, Mrs. Beardmore, Mrs. Burns, Mrs. B. Harman, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Mann, Miss Drury, Miss Rutherford and Miss Rene Hugel.

The Misses Ellwood leave next Saturday for England and Paris, where the younger sister will devote some time to study. Miss Ellwood returns home after the coronation.

Mrs. Douglas Ridout received a huge number of callers on Thursday and Friday of last week, looking very sweet and pretty in a pale gray voile dress, and assisted by her sister and ex-maid of honor, Miss Alayne Jones. The pretty bridesmaids, Miss Muriel Ridout and Miss Mary Miles, in their frocks of palest buttercup mousseline and lace insertions, were most kind and courteous in looking after the guests later on, finding many admiring women and girl friends, and also many strangers to welcome to the cosy dining-room, where a pretty table done in pink roses and smilax was supplied with good things, and the bride cake appropriate. It is a very happy and pleasant home which is presided over by the fair lady from Rosedale, and hearty good wishes for the future were heard from all her friends.

Mrs. Robb of Simcoe is visiting at Northfield. Miss Evelyn Foy is paying an extended visit to New York and Boston. Mrs. Cutcliffe of Brantford is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Dixon. Mrs. Whelan and Miss Hogg of Dublin are visiting Mrs. Baldwin of Masquahet. Mrs. Whelan's mother.

Mrs. Atwell Fleming of Markham street gave a tea on Thursday to present her daughter to her social circle.

The Mendelssohn Choir scored another triumph last week, and, as usual, the seats not occupied in May sea Hall could be counted on one's fingers. Herr Vogt has a public endorsement of the excellence of his selection of singers and music and the perfection of his training which few alas! attain to in this careless world. There are perhaps correspondingly few who quite as well merit it. The soloists, Harold Bauer and Marie Hissem de Moss, were warmly received also. A vote among a select party of connoisseurs gave the "cake" to the "Beils of St. Michael" and the Jubilee song. The audience was of a high class, and included music-lovers from many other cities, who have learned to look forward to Herr Vogt's choir concert as the bonne bouche of the local season.

Sweet charity benefits largely each year by the efforts of the Toronto Ladies' Choir Club, and on Monday evening an invitation concert in the theater of the Normal School will be given, when Mr. Arthur Fisher's special composition for this club, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," will be given, among other interesting numbers. A collection for the Children's Aid will be taken up by some pretty little ladies with dainty baskets. The club has already by this means passed on nearly \$800 to our deserving charities.

One of the most delightful At Homes of the season at Peterboro' was that given by Mrs. R. Max Dennistoun on Wednesday, January 29. Mrs. Dennistoun looked charming in a pale gray cashmere gown, with velvet trimmings, and was assisted by Miss Boulton, who wore a pretty white organdie. Among the guests were Mrs. James Dennistoun, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Boucher, Mrs. Louis M. Hayes, Miss Edwards, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Peter Campbell, Miss Mary Archer, the Misses Hall, Mrs. McAllister, Miss Peck, Mrs. Torrance, Mrs. and Miss Tate, Mrs. Pousette, Mrs. Quartermain, Mrs. Clement, Mrs. N. Sherwood, Mrs. Dan Burritt, Miss Warner, Miss Moore, Miss Minnie Strickland and Mrs. Harry P. Strickland of Toronto, who left Peterboro' as a bride and was welcomed and greatly admired by her old friends. The tea-table was tastefully decorated with pink satin ribbons and pink carnations, and was attended by Miss Jessie Dennistoun, Miss Georgie Dennistoun and Miss Helen Rogers. An orchestra in an adjoining room furnished music, and altogether the At Home was a great success.

Mr. George Gooderham and two daughters, Miss Violet Gooderham and Mrs. Ross, and Dr. James Ross have left for Nassau, Bahamas, to spend a portion of the winter in the Sunny South at Hotel Colonial. Mr. George Gooderham and family have been there some time.

Mr. and Mrs. George Blinn have removed from Jarvis street and taken up house at 31 Metcalfe street, where Mrs. Blinn will receive the third and fourth Mondays of each month.

The following gentlemen were invited to dine at Government House on Monday, February 3: Sir Mackenzie Bowell, K.C.M.G., P.C., Mr. Justice Robertson, Mr. Justice Ferguson, Mr. Justice Street, Mr. Justice MacMahon, the Rev. Dr. Withrow, the Rev. Dr. Langtry, the

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Mrs. Douglas B. Donaldson received at 3 North street Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, February 5 and 6, and will be at home the second and fourth Fridays in February at 194 Bloor street west.

The following guests have registered at the Welland: Mrs. Mowat, Mrs. Primrose, Mrs. Scott Smith, Mrs. E. C. Wilson, Dr. D. McArthur, Dr. James McCollum, Mr. J. Herbert Mason, Miss Mason, Miss M. Hill of Toronto, Mr. P. S. King of Beaverton, Mr. Alexander of New York, and Mr. J. A. Bertman of Little Current.

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lot to send over your traps for what I want."

"I thought," he answered, "that maybe you could rig up a grave here in your shop, and I would weep on it, and it would do just as well. It's no trouble for me to weep anywhere."

Resurgam.
All silently, and soft as sleep.
The snow fell, hake on flake.
Slumber, spent Earth! and dream of flowers
Till spring-time bid you wake.
Again the deadened bough shall bend
With blooms of sweetest breath.

Oh, miracle of miracles,
This life that follows death!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in "Harper's Magazine."

As a man and his wife were passing a school, a flying snowball hit the wife of his bosom in the neck. He was enraged, and justly, and turning to the schoolboys, shaking his fist in anger, he cried: "It's lucky for you, you rascals, that you didn't hit me."—"Tit-Bits."

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lot to send over your traps for what I want."

"I thought," he answered, "that maybe you could rig up a grave here in your shop, and I would weep on it, and it would do just as well. It's no trouble for me to weep anywhere."

Resurgam.

All silently, and soft as sleep.

The snow fell, hake on flake.

Slumber, spent Earth! and dream of flowers

Till spring-time bid you wake.

Again the deadened bough shall bend

With blooms of sweetest breath.

Oh, miracle of miracles,

This life that follows death!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in "Harper's Magazine."

As a man and his wife were passing

a school, a flying snowball hit the wife

of his bosom in the neck. He was en-

raged, and justly, and turning to the

schoolboys, shaking his fist in anger,

he cried: "It's lucky for you, you rascals,

that you didn't hit me."—"Tit-Bits."

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CHAPTER XXIV.

The Secret.

"When did Ermytrude die?" the man demanded of me, abruptly, as soon as our eyes met.

I answered as concisely: "In April. One night your sister came and took her away from the theatre, where she was very ill. When she came back and I had gone. When she came back she was very ill. She tried to tell me something, to give me some directions, which I couldn't understand. And in a few moments she was dead."

"That night!" the man whispered, beneath his breath. "It was that night! Then—I am her murderer." His great eyes stared past me into space.

I was faintly conscious of a growing pity for him. "The doctor I called in told me that her heart must have been weak for a long time," I said, more gently.

"Her heart was weak!" he echoed. "Poor Ermytrude! Poor tortured soul! And to think that I was I who tortured her through all those years. O Heaven! If I could only be sure that she knew now how I had suffered, that through it all I suffered as much as she."

"Perhaps she does know," I said. "You—what do you know of it all?" he demanded, almost with scorn.

"I only know," I returned, "that she was never happy—never since I can begin to remember anything. And my memory goes back to the time when I was a tiny child—seventeen years perhaps. Now I am more than eighteen. It was on my birthday that she died."

"That awful night!" he exclaimed, more to himself than to me.

"She loved me, I think, and was always good," I went on. "But her moods were often strange. Sometimes she used to be stern with me when I could not tell what I had done that was wrong. Sometimes she would load me with presents and kindnesses, and again, perhaps in the same hour, she would seem to feel it a sin that I should be happy."

"She was thinking of the boy," the man among the pillows muttered, with a sigh that was like a stifled sob.

"The boy who died?" I finished the sentence for him. "Perhaps. She never spoke of him to me, never once. But Roger told me."

The invalid raised himself on his elbow and stared.

"What did Roger tell?"

"Only that the little boy died in some very sad and painful way; he did not say how. I always thought that he was my little brother, who died years before I was born. But after my mother—I mean, after Lady Cope—died, Roger told me that he was not my brother. That she had only adopted me because she had lost her little boy, whom she adored, then her husband, and had no one in the world to love."

"No one in the world to love!" he drearily repeated. "Yes, that's true, that's true. And to think that it was all through me. O Heaven! The horror of it! No wonder if these years of remorse have driven me to the verge of madness."

He was babbling on, with broken, inarticulate self-accusations, while I asked myself: "Is this the secret? Am I shut up not only with a madman but a murderer?"

"Is it possible that you killed the child?" The thought struck itself.

"She thought that," I said, chokingly.

"She thought so—until that night."

"Until the night of her death?"

He bowed his head for answer.

"And then—then she knew that it was not so?"

"She knew that it was not so. But the truth—it was the truth that struck her down. Shall I ever forget the look in her eyes when she cried out that what I had done was worse than murder—that she could forgive me sooner if I had killed the child in my passion for revenge? Heaven! How the look has haunted me! It's driving me mad. I can see her now as she rushed to the fireplace and held the poker among the coals till it was red hot, then, tearing away her sleeve she burnt out the scar, the one link that was left to bind us together. I can see her now, as if—as if—she stood there!" and he pointed a shaking hand towards the empty fireplace.

Involuntarily my eyes followed its direction. So strangely had his words and the horror in his eyes moved me that I half expected to see my adopted mother's spirit there, pale, beautiful, dressed as her body had been on the night of "The Bells."

As the vision came to me, growing in my brain as it grew in his, I did indeed seem to see her, exactly as she had been at the theatre. I could see her eyes, black as wells of darkness, and hear her murmur: "I wish we had chosen another play for your birthday. The face of Mathias reminds me of someone I used to know."

I had only to look at this man's face to be certain that someone must have been. I shuddered. She herself had burnt out the scar, if I could believe his word, burnt it out that the last link might be destroyed between her and a man she deemed to have sinned beyond murder and beyond pardon.

Once again he turned to me as the vision passed. "Did she speak of me when she was dying?" he implored.

"You forget," I said. "I am not even sure that I know your name. How, then, can I tell?"

"My name is Walter Leigh," he interrupted. "Did you hear it from her?"

So desperate was he in his eagerness that I said "No," sadly. "When she was dying," I went on, "she only stammered a few broken words I could not piece together into meaning, though I have never forgotten, and I have often felt that she was dying, that there was something that she wished me to do; that was all of which I could be sure."

The man's eyes lightened in their deep hollows. "Since you haven't forgotten, tell me," he said, anxiously, "and it may be that I can help you to understand, even now."

Slowly I began to repeat the words that Lady Cope's dying lips had spoken. "The scar—the scar! After all these years. And afterwards: 'She'll save—find—you must find—' Then silence, and nothing more."

"It was the boy she was trying to tell you to find and save," the man explained, excitedly. "She must have felt that she was dying, that there was nothing she could do. You were left, she still had hope; but even if she had lived what more could have been done?"

"Ah, what more?" I echoed, "when the boy was dead so many, many years ago. Nothing could change that."

"The boy was not dead!" he exclaimed; and I started, in fear and surprise, for I thought that he must be mad indeed.

"Not—dead?" I stammered.

And I began to ask myself how I could soothe his excitement. For though I was still only on the threshold of the secret I was woman enough to shrink from the knowledge that I was imprisoned with a madman.

"No, no," he answered, almost fiercely. "Did I not tell you how she might have pardoned me if I had killed the child in the heat of passion? For she had sinned deeply against me, and so had Vincent, but she would not forgive when she knew the thing that Sintra and I had really done."

"What—did you do?" I whispered, dry-lipped.

"Did Roger Cope tell you nothing of the old story?"

"No. Nothing at all."

The sick man's eyes fastened once more on mine and held them, so that I could not remove my gaze. For the instant he was silent, then he spoke in a low, changed voice, a calmer tone than he had been able to command before.

"Ermytrude begged you to save and find the boy," he said, thoughtfully, and with deep sadness. "Strange if it should be given to you to do so, even yet! Perhaps if I tell you the whole story from the beginning—"

"I beg that you will tell it," I pleaded, when he paused.

"Sit down," he said, abruptly. "There, in that chair by the side of the bed where Sintra always sits."

I had been standing until now, but I obeyed him.

"Sintra and I were half-brother and sister to Vincent Cope," he said at last. "We were twins. Our mother had gypsy blood in her veins. She was beautiful—famous for her beauty and her glorious voice. Her people were well-to-do; but because of that wild strain in her nature, which showed itself strongly after sleeping for a generation or two, she could not live the life of an ordinary, middle-class English girl. She went on the stage and became an opera-singer. She was but eighteen, your age to-day, and in the first company which she joined was a man whose father had been a gypsy. He was the leading tenor, and he was as handsome as she was beautiful, though a wild, worthless fellow. They married secretly. Then a time came when the marriage had to be announced. Our mother left the opera troupe, but our father stayed. Sintra and I were born. The husband and wife never saw each other again. He was killed in a railway accident, and as our mother had been disowned by her parents she was penniless. We were left with an old nurse while she went back to the stage, and for two or three years we were neglected, growing up like weeds in an uncared-for garden."

"Meanwhile, our mother met a young baronet, named Henry Cope, who fell in love with her beauty, and they were married. We were brought to this house as our home; this very room was our nursery, and we were happy enough until Vincent Cope, our half-brother, was born."

"With his birth everything was changed. Our step-father, who had never liked us, turned against us almost with hatred; even our mother took her love away from the poor gypsy twins, who recalled the sordid past, and gave it to the child who was born to good fortune. Sintra and I were devoted to each other; she perhaps caring more for me than I for her—as is the way sometimes with a brother and sister; and she hated the new baby as only a gypsy child can hate. One day, when Vincent was about two years old, she struck him, so that he fell and cut his forehead. And this act sealed our fate."

"Our step-father pronounced life unendurable while we remained under his roof, and we were to be sent away. The question was, where, for we were almost too young to go to a boarding-school; besides, we were so inseparable that it would have been cruel to part us; and neither our mother nor our husband had the active wish, I think, to be cruel."

"A circumstance trifling in itself decided our whole future. A child, Ermytrude D'Este, a cousin of the Copes, who had been brought here on a visit by her parents, had taken a great fancy to the two gypsy children. When her father and mother, whose home was at Arrish Mell Court (which you must know well) heard that we were in disgrace with our step-father, they invited us to pay them a visit and share the teachings of their daughter's governess. We managed to win our way, somehow, into the hearts of our protectors; instead of paying a mere visit we continued to live at Arrish Mell Court, and were as much children of the house as Ermytrude herself."

"So we grew up together. I was not a strong boy, and instead of being sent to a public school I had a tutor. Ermytrude and Sintra and I were never an hour apart; and not a cloud arose between us until Sintra and I were seventeen, Ermytrude thirteen. Then,

mature beyond my years, I knew that I loved Ermytrude, not with the brother-love I calmly gave Sintra, but a feeling very different. At last I was going to travel with my tutor, and before leaving I told Ermytrude what was in my heart for her. She replied that she loved me, too, and promised that when she grew up she would not marry anyone but me. I wanted her to prove this promise. I wanted to be sure that she belonged to me; and I persuaded her to let me tattoo on her arm the mark of a heart, which was to be the face-simile of one on mine.

"She was afraid and unwilling, but consented at last; and I made the hearts as best I knew how, in my amateurish way, with a purple ink which I bought from a man I knew."

"While I was fashioning the heart on Ermytrude's arm, copying each detail from my own, with my sleeve rolled up that I might have the model ever before my eyes, Sintra looked in upon us. She was furious with jealousy that Ermytrude should share something with me that was denied to her. From that moment I believe that she hated Ermytrude."

"When I had gone away on my travels, Sintra made a heart on her own arm, and told Ermytrude that it had been done by my desire, but that was not true. I knew nothing of its existence until Ermytrude wrote me that, since Sintra now wore the symbol, she had ceased to value hers as before."

"For years, though the two families lived in Dorsetshire, not fifty miles distant from each other, we saw little of Vincent Cope, for our mother died, and the boy and his father went abroad together. It was while I was traveling with my tutor that we met—my half-brother, his father and I. Only the day after the meeting, which took place in Switzerland, Sir Henry Cope had an accident in climbing. He lay ill for a few weeks, and finally died. Sintra became Sir Vincent, though he was but a boy."

"My tutor, who was a good fellow, made himself very useful to Vincent, and we all went back to England together, taking the body of the dead baronet with us. After this Vincent and I remained friends, though Sintra's continued dislike of him kept us from accepting his invitation to share his home. Arrish Mell was the home of our hearts, and our friends there seemed no more desirous of sending us away than we were of going. But Vincent and I went up to Oxford together, and in those days he had our three portraits painted, to be hung in the library in this house, where you may have seen them."

"Vincent was sent down from Oxford on account of an audacious prank. I left at about the same time because of a severe accident at football. He went abroad with friends; I back to be nursed into health at Arrish Mell Court."

"By this time I showed signs of latent talent as an artist. Ermytrude's people, who were simple and unmercenary, believed that I might make my way in the world, and when they found out that we had loved each other for years they consented to our engagement."

"Then, as Ermytrude and I both longed for Italy, and she would have plenty of money for us both, it was arranged that we should be married without delay. Ermytrude was twenty, I twenty-four."

"I was perfectly happy, despite Sintra's jealous depression. My heart was full of good feeling for all the world, and I was delighted when Vincent wrote that he would come and be best man at the wedding."

"Well, he came, and arrived at Arrish Mell Court, where he was to pay a visit, only a week before the day set for the marriage. He was a handsome and brilliant young fellow, not much older than Ermytrude. They had not seen each other for some time, and I might have seen a danger signal in their eyes when they looked at each other. But I loved Ermytrude so passionately that I did not dream her feeling for me might be anything stronger than the affectionate habit of years, which I had thought her to misunderstand."

"When Vincent had been in the house for three days he begged me to release her from her engagement, evidently, though it was alleging no reason except that she did not care for me as she had thought. I was half-mad, and I refused to give her the freedom she asked for. She seemed as much mine as if she were already my wife; she had been mine ever since I put my heart on her arm, hers on mine."

"On the morning of the day that she should have given her to me for ever she was gone—she and Vincent together. They went to Scotland, and were married almost before we had time to guess what had happened."

"For weeks I lay at death's door with brain fever. Sintra nursed me through the illness as no one else could have done. But I was never the same man again. The blood in my veins seemed turned to gall. I believed that I hated Ermytrude as much as once I had loved her; and I thought of nothing but some way of making her feel as I felt."

"Perhaps if her parents, who had been like father and mother to me, had lived, I would after all have done nothing against their daughter. But while Sintra and I traveled, trying to forget, they died. A year or two later, my chance came, and— with Sintra's promptings in my ears—I took it."

CHAPTER XXV.

Danger.

For a moment the speaker was silent. He had forgotten me, and gone back into the past. But my patience was short, and in my eager wish to hear the sequel, I broke in upon his reverie.

"The chance came—you took it," I prompted him. "What was it that you did?"

"Vincent and Ermytrude were at Arrish Mell Court," he said, in a weary, toneless voice. "They had been married three years when Sintra and I came back to England from the land where my wife and I were to have been happy together—if another man hadn't stolen her away. Their boy was two years old. Sintra and I made our plans; we had thought of the punishment which would hurt the mother most. One day the child ran away from his nurse, who was gossiping with a friend, and was not seen again. But his little hat and toy he had been playing with were found hours afterwards close by the water on a lonely part of the sea beach, a mile or two from the gates of Arrish Mell Court."

"From that day to the night on which you tell me she died, Ermytrude be-

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One time in forty I fail. Sometimes the disease is too difficult to be reached in a month. Sometimes an organic trouble, like cancer, makes a cure impossible. But 39 in each 40 who take the remedy get well. The rough cure pays nothing; the treatment is free.

Won't you write a postal to learn about a remedy like that?

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I have heard her son had been drowned, and that I was his murderer. There was no proof of any kind against Sintra or me; we had managed the affair far too carefully for that. But we were known to be in the neighborhood, and it was easy to imagine the suspicion in Ermytrude's mind. For a time I rejoiced in it. I wished her to think that her grief was not for a lost child, but for a man she had injured, yet to feel that she was able to do nothing—nothing."

"You have not told me yet what you did with the boy," I breathlessly reminded him.

"The plan was Sintra's," he answered, dully. "It was all her idea from the first—she can hate well, and feel no relenting. She hated Ermytrude first for taking my love, and afterwards for throwing it away. She proposed that the petted darling of those who had spoiled my life should grow up as a child of the streets—a wif, a vagabond. And there seemed a certain poetic justice, to my mind, in the thought. We would lose sight of him ourselves, she said, so that, in no circumstances whatever, would it be possible for us to restore the child to his parents."

"I agreed. But when I saw the little fellow, and he looked at me with Vincent's eyes, already I half repented what I had done, and what I was about to do. Unknown to Sintra, I put on his arm the mark of the heart which had once symbolized so much to his mother and me."

"The heart-shaped scar!" I exclaimed aloud, springing up from the chair by the bedside. "Oh! then the boy is found—he's found!"

Walter Leigh stared at me as if I had gone mad; for in the joy and excitement of the knowledge that he had suddenly given I was laughing and crying at once.

"It is true," I assured him. "Unless—unless, indeed, there are others in the world whose arms wear the same mark. I know the heart-shaped scar so well—too well. I saw it many times on Lady Cope's arm. I saw it on your sister's, and—on one other. All three were exactly the same, as if one hand had made them."

"Tell me about that other," he commanded, almost fiercely.

I told him about John Bourke—told him in as few words as I could the story of the young man's life as I had heard it from Mrs. Jennett. "The mark is near the left wrist, on the inside of the arm," I said at last.

"It was there that I placed it on the boy," the sick man answered. "He was a brave little chap, and would not take the bribe that I offered him, though he was only two years old. I remember that he hardly winced, though I must have hurt him, and he did not shed a tear. I believe, child, that you have done Ermytrude's bidding. You have found her boy."

"If you were sorry for what you had done, why did you never search for him?" I demanded, reproachfully.

"I did; I even advertised, and engaged a private detective to find the child if he could. But that was years after the thing was done; and there was little enough I could tell. A dozen years before, a little boy, with a purple heart tattooed on his left arm, had been set down to play with some ragamuffins in a street in Whitechapel—a far worse neighborhood than now. There he had been abandoned, and nothing had been heard of him since."

"The detective spent a good deal of money, but he made no discoveries. The child's fate remained a mystery; and though years have passed since I made those few spasmodic efforts to atone for my sin, it was a mystery still, until you told me to-night of this young man of the people, John Bourke. I would give all the life I have left in me—save enough to look once in his face if he could ever bring me here. I should know even more surely than."

"Somehow you shall see him!" I exclaimed. "I don't see yet how I am to get away from this house, where your sister brought me to please Roger Cope. But I know that I shall do it. And I shall meet John Bourke again—there can be no wrong in that now—I shall tell him the truth about himself."

"Why?" I exclaimed, in the surprise of a new thought which had come to me suddenly for the first time. "Why everything is really his. This place—which was his father's, Sir Vincent Cope's, Arrish Mell Court, and—even the title. All—all that Roger Cope thinks belongs to him!"

"Pray Heaven that Roger Cope does not find out the truth before the right heir knows it!" Walter Leigh exclaimed.

"Why?" I asked him, breathlessly.

"Because I believe there is nothing Roger Cope would not do to keep what he has."

I drew in my breath sharply, and was silent, intently thinking.

I, speaking out on some unreasoning impulse, had told Sintra Leigh of the

heart-shaped scar on John Bourke's arm. No wonder she had shown emotion. I understood the meaning of it now; for doubtless I had given her as great a shock of enlightenment as I had given her twin-brother to-night. How she had come into communication with Roger Cope and why she and Walter Leigh were living in this house I did not yet know. But I did know that the woman in black was on friendly terms with Roger; that she had seen him since I had told my all-important piece of news; and that Roger had to go down to some place unknown, carrying with him a portmanteau. With these things shaping strangely together in my mind, Walter Leigh's words sent an ominous creeping chill through my nerves.

"I did not know," he continued, slowly. "That Ermytrude was dead; therefore I did not know that Roger Cope had anything more than his title and this house, which came to him long ago on his cousin Vincent's most untimely death. But you say that Arrish Mell Court is his—that everything is his. Does that mean that Ermytrude left him all that was hers in a will?"

"No," I said. "There was no will. Roger was her solicitor, and he told me that he had often advised her to make a will, but she kept putting it off. If I had been her daughter, as I believed, I should have expected the dear old home and the money to be mine if I had ever thought of such things at all. But Roger undecieved me. And, rather than marry him, as he asked me to do, I went away and lived for a while with my own people."

Walter Leigh looked at me more closely than he had done yet. "So Roger Cope wished to marry you, in spite of knowing that you would have nothing but yourself to give?"

"Yes, I suppose," I admitted, reluctantly, "that he must really have cared for me."

"That is not hard to believe," said the sick man, in the curious hollow voice that seemed somehow to put him outside the world of living human beings. "You are no ordinary girl. But his head may have prompted the wish as well as his heart. I don't believe for a moment that Ermytrude died without a will. If he was her solicitor he may have made the will and destroyed it. Besides, she kept a diary, I know. I knew it of old, and she spoke of it on that last night in April when we were in town and I begged Sintra to fetch her because I was very ill and longed that she should know the truth about the past. The book was padlocked, and there was a tiny key—that is, it was the same book which I knew years ago."

"Could it have been the key I found in the pocket of her tea-gown?" I exclaimed, speaking to myself, not him. But he answered.

"Find the book and try the key," he said.

"The book would have been in the octagon room, in the escritoire, where she used so often to write," I murmured, reflectively. "And, oh! the escritoire, or one like it, is here, in this house! Perhaps Roger brought it back from Arrish Mell Court."

Even as I spoke I remembered the night of the storm, when I had gone to the octagon room, hearing and seeing certain strange things which my superstitious fears had tried to explain according to their own way. Now my reason began to explain them differently. What if Roger had come secretly to the house from the inn where he was staying in the village of Lull, and, surprised by me in an attempt to find this same diary, had chosen to play the ghost?"

"If there was a will," Walter Leigh was saying, "Ermytrude would probably have mentioned making it in her diary. Roger Cope would have thought of that, for he is clever—hatefully clever—or he could never have gained his present influence over my sister. Perhaps there was a secret drawer in that escritoire of which you speak, and, not being able to find it, he may have brought the thing here to be under his own eye, lest something was hidden which none but he ought to find."

"I shall try hard to find it," I said. "But you don't like Roger Cope any better than I do. Have you known him for a long time?"

"I never saw him until after the night when Ermytrude was brought to my bedside in London by Sintra. I knew that he existed, that was all. But while I was still very ill in the lodging-house in town to which we had come on our last return to England, Sintra told me that Sir Roger Cope had called; that he had been at great pains to find us out, having heard or guessed that we had come back from abroad. The next piece of news was that he had invited us to the old place, which was his since Vincent's death. The offer was represented to me as a disinterested one, and I must say that I was thankful for it, as our struggle with poverty. The punishment of my sin has been in constant illness, terrible insomnia, awful dreams when I could sleep, sometimes a horror of approaching madness."

"For long I have been unable to work at my art, and the little money Sintra had saved for me had dwindled away. I had found a certain relief in telling Ermytrude the truth, which I would have told her years ago had Sintra not so bitterly opposed my wish. I did not dream that the knowledge of her boy's fate had killed her, though we had passed through a terrible scene; and with my mind at last somewhat calmer than it had been for many a year I was thankful for the haven Roger Cope offered me to die in. I was grateful to him while he was still a stranger. But when I came to see the man my feeling changed. Instinct told me that what he had done for Sintra and me was for his own advantage, somehow, far more than for ours. And I have been sure since that we were brought here to be kept out of the way."

"Now you have told me of Ermytrude's death and his inheritance of her estates and fortune, it is far clearer than before. He must have suspected, from the circumstances of her death, that she might have come into possession of some knowledge, withheld from her before. This he would have at once associated with us. He would have guessed that we were in England—that we had been in London (as was really the case), and would have conjectured that we had met. Very possibly he discovered our whereabouts by inserting an advertisement in the newspapers, which Sintra answered (though she would never tell me how it was that he found us out),

and, as he at once won her confidence by proclaiming his enmity towards Ermytrude, he no doubt learnt from her the secret key so long—the secret that concerned the boy's life. He, of course, had given her twin-brother to-night become of the boy; but it would be fatal to his interests if anyone outside should learn that Sir Vincent Cope's son and heir had not died after all. The property could only remain his on sufferance, till the heir should be found. It was for this reason that I said it would be well if John Bourke should hear of his rights before Roger Cope knew the whole truth."

"Your sister already knows," I faltered. "Roger sent her to take me away from Mr. Bourke's house, where, as I told you, he had let me stay with old Mrs. Jennett. She tried to prejudice me against Mr. Bourke, saying all sorts of strange, superstitious sounding things, which I suppose she made up in the hope of frightening me so that I should never think of him any more. Then I told her of the heart-shaped scar, and she was startled and astonished. Perhaps she has repeated what I said to Roger since, and—and he has gone to London?"

He was more ready to go away and leave me, after he had taken the trouble to have me fetched here,

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than seemed quite natural, maybe—now that there's a new light upon his actions. But what harm could Roger do? For his own sake, even if he were vile enough, he would not dare make himself a murderer? Oh! say that you think he wouldn't do that?"

"Is it possible that you care for the man, in spite of all?" exclaimed Walter Leigh.

"No, no!" I cried, impulsively. "Not for him, but—There I stopped abruptly."

"I see," the invalid thoughtfully said. "If the other cares for you, there might be a happy ending after all."

"Oh, he doesn't care," I protested. "I'm afraid—I mean I think that he cares for someone else, who is very rich and very beautiful. But if I could pay him back for his great goodness to me—if I could show him that after all I was not fit of his rights, and bringing him here to you, I would be happy. Yes, I would be happy, though I never saw him again in this world! But you have made me sick with terror now. I am afraid for him—afraid of Roger Cope."

"You are right about Roger, I think," Walter Leigh said, reflectively; "he would not dare to be a murderer, though his wish might jump to that. But if there were anyone else—if he had a tool to his hand—a catpaw that he could thrust into the fire—I believe if Sintra had told him what she now knows, John Bourke—or rather John Cope—would not be safe for a moment."

"Oh, if that door were only open!" I exclaimed. "How am I to get out? How am I to go to him and tell him the story—and warn him of danger?"

The sick man sighed.

"It is my fault that the door is locked," he said. "Sometimes my burden of sin has been heavier than my tired brain could bear. I have cried out, half in delirium, that I would confess all to some clergyman or some priest, who would give me comfort. And Sintra has always been determined that I should not do that. She knew that the mood would pass. And last night I walked in my sleep, as I have once or twice before. I had a dream of more than usual horror, and I woke up, out of my room—how far away, I don't know. Sintra found and brought me back. It is no wonder that she does not wish for a repetition of such an experience, though it is not the first time that it has happened. She will come to me early in the morning, but—"

"I can't wait for that," I broke in. "Besides, even then she would not let me go. She wishes me no particular harm, but she is Roger Cope's friend, and she serves his interests—perhaps she thinks that in the end they will be mine as well; at all events, she loses no opportunity of telling me so. Every door in the house is locked; or, at least, all those on the lower floors with windows from which I might try to escape. She and Roger have thought of everything. I suppose they hope, at worst, to tire me out with arguments and persuasions, making me believe that the only thing left for me is marriage with him. They could never do that if they kept me here for ten years; but I can't be kept. I must go and tell this story I have had from you. But how—how?"

"If you were a very brave girl, with a clear head as well as a stout heart, there might be a way," Walter Leigh said, slowly.

(To be continued.)

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Books and Their Makers.

LETTERS ON LIFE," by Claudius Clear (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company, \$1.25). The author evidently believes human nature to be the most interesting thing in the world and the proper enjoyment of life as one of its chief aims. He believes there is an art of life or of living; that high-sounding principles are of less value as guides than a representation, illuminated by experience, of the commonplace into which most lives gravitate. Every observant person is in a sense fit to be the biographer of others, and so contribute to the stock of knowledge of the world, which is ever in need of renewing. "The wisdom of life," he truly remarks, "is to catch up hints and make the best of them." He is an admirer of biography, whether ill or well written, because of its possibilities of revelation. A life lived with some such outlook must produce something worthy of print. And so Claudius Clear writes out of his heart, evidently, about a few sides of life which touch all of us. That he writes from experience and clear thinking is very evident, since what he has written has the delightful quality of slipping easily into the mind. Not that it is trivial, but the art of a writer and critic of long experience tells here. The author, it transpires, is no other than W. Robertson Nicol, editor of the "British Weekly," long known in the literary world. He has given us more than a score of the most delightful essays imaginable on such subjects as "Conversation," "Taking Things Coolly," "Holidays," "Fringing Out the Fools," "Remembering and Forgetting," "Should Old Letters Be Kept," "The Zest of Life," "Manners," "Growing Old," "Broken-Hearted," "The Man in the Street," and "The Innermost Room." Little subjects, little result, one says. Wait till you read them. They are full of surprises, full of those happy characterizations of life which all of us who are not too clever will at once recognize as true to the life. Those who haven't time for biography may, if they have a capacity for hints, reap at second hand much of the harvest of a student of life who has seen much and felt much. Claudius Clear has made up his mind about a number of things and intersperses his kindly comments with judgments which he takes no unnecessary time to defend. For instance, in referring to the habit of certain Scotch professors taking eight months' holidays in the year, he asserts this is a standing proof that the Scotch are, as yet, inaccessible to reason on certain points. In his plea for the lost art of conversation, he concludes that a rational system of education will produce it, and that we then could have our pleasant evenings untroubled with Scotch ballads, recitations and the mandolin. The letters have a healthy English tone; they do not appeal to advocates of entirely "strenuous" lives, and will be read with greatest profit by those old enough to have observed a little independently and who are not too old to have an interest in how to live; and indeed, the enjoyment of them, like Emerson's Essays, is the touchstone and proof of youth still remaining.

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ness," by Burnett; "Last of the Knickerbockers," by Vile.

Arthur E. McFarlane, B.A., a well-known graduate of Toronto University of the class of '88, is contributing a series of short stories entitled "Tales of a Deep-Sea Diver" to the "Youth's Companion." Mr. Norman Duncan, another Varsity graduate of the class of '96 and also a member of the Canadian colony in New York, is contributing to the "Companion" and other leading publications.

Very shortly Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Methods of Lady Waldenhurst" will be published. It is a sequel to her story, "The Making of a Marchioness," the plot hanging upon the laws of primogeniture as they exist in England, and the evils that sometimes come from them.

"Ainslee's" for February has a striking sea picture on the cover and contains an additional marine flavor in "Rivers of the Ocean," an extremely interesting article by Theodore Waters and "The Spread Eagles," a sailor story by Colin McKay. The leading article, however, is "Marshall Field, Merchant," by Richard Linticum, a graphic study of perhaps the greatest merchants in all the world and at the same time the least known of American public characters.

"The Flash of an Emerald," by Ethel Watts Mumford, the novelette with the February number of the "Smart Set" opens, is a notable contribution to literature. It contains, in exquisite balance, realism, adventure and romance. The characters, most modern of the modern, are distinctive and drawn with charming art. The love interest that permeates the plot is at once novel and absorbing, while the scenes, varying from France to America, are an admirably worked-out background to action the most dramatic.

"Niagara—The Scene of Perilous Feats" is the title of an article in the February "Cosmopolitan" which tells the story of the many who have year after year gone to Niagara seeking notoriety—or death. From the earliest days Niagara has been the Mecca of those who valued their lives lightly, and the story of Sam Patch, Blondin, Maria Spelterina, the jealous Ballen's attempt to cut the cable on which his rival was performing over the seething Whirlpool Rapids, Peter Nissen's ill-fated "Fool-Killer," and Captain Webb's last swim, is carried down to Mrs. Taylor, the only survivor of a trip over the great Falls.

Amongst the many interesting articles in the current "Forum" is a discussion of "The Settlement with China," by Mark B. Dunnell, who is not very optimistic as to the outcome of the action taken by the Western nations after the Boxer rising. Major J. H. Parker answers the question, "What shall we do with the Philippines?" by recommending their cession to some European or Asiatic power. An account is given by Professor Kelly Miller of "The Expansion of the Negro Population," with abundant statistical information respecting the present condition and distribution of the colored race in this country. President F. P. Graves of the University of Washington emphasizes "The Need of Training for the College Presidency." John T. Buchanan, dealing with the problem "How to Assimilate the Foreign Element in our Population," regards the education of the children of alien immigrants as the only method likely to be effectual. Dr. Gilbert Reid contributes a character sketch of the late Li Hung Chang. "The Reformation of Criminals" is discussed by J. Franklin Fort, Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, in a paper which recommends the employment of systems of conditional pardon and parole, and the institution of reformatories for young offenders. "The Young Man with Nothing But Brains" is entertainingly discussed by Truman A. De Weese.

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snow and a boy, there the eternal forces of the world will presently set themselves to evolve some more or less crude form of tobogganing. The evolution is not carried very far, however, until a woman begins to busy herself in the procedure. When she touches it the clumsy little pastime instantly grows and becomes a special institution. In the February number of "Outing" there is an article on "The Riding of the Ice Hills," which ought to interest every man that ever owned a sled and every woman who ever rode in a sleigh. It is illustrated by B. Cory Kilvert, a former Hamilton (Ont.) boy, some of whose best work has appeared in "Saturday Night."

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Boisevain, Man., Feb. 3.—(Special).—Five years ago Mr. C. S. Holden of this place, then quite a young man and a farmer's son, became almost a cripple with Rheumatism. His own account of his experience is very interesting. He says:

"For about a year and a half I had a dull pain in my right shoulder. It grew much worse in cold weather, and in winter was so bad that I could scarcely use my arm at all. When I went to bed I would have to take my left hand and hold my right shoulder to turn over. The pain was nearly unbearable. Words cannot express it. I often said if I had to endure such pain all my life I would rather have no arm. 'It was almost a cripple, and could not help complaining very bitterly. Everybody had something to tell me to do. One said, 'Rub on Spirits of Turpentine.' I did so, but only grew worse. Besides this I tried every other liniment and oil I could hear of or get, but all to no purpose. Nothing seemed to give me the slightest relief. I was growing very downhearted, as it looked as if I was never going to find anything to cure my dreadful pain.

"Now it happened that we had some of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house—we always keep them—and having tried everything else, my father suggested that I take some. I commenced, and when I had taken three doses I felt some better, and I kept on till in a few days the pain was all gone.

"This is five years ago, and I have not had the slightest pain or ache since."

Imperial Weather.

SOMEbody is about to publish a vindication of the character of English weather. It appears that it has been most unfairly misrepresented. What we stupidly call its fickleness is really nothing in the world but a perfectly laudable effort to reproduce in our midst the imperial nature of our climate, remarks "Outlook." When it presents us with primroses in November, that is to remind us of the pleasant picnic weather they are having on the velvet; the same laudable intention accounts for June snowstorms. Nor do we have to wait for complete reversals of the seasons. A week of imperial weather—sometimes, like a cheap trip, it is all crammed into one day—runs somewhat as follows:

Monday, fog (home produce); Tuesday, cricketing weather (Australia); Wednesday, skating (Canada); Thursday, waterspouts (various ocean territories); Friday, steaming (West Coast); Saturday, general imperial representation; Sunday—but the British Sunday has a climate of its own.

"No," said the landlady, "we cannot accommodate you. We only take in single gentlemen." "Goodness," replied Mr. Marryatt; "what makes you think I'm twins?"—Philadelphia "Record."

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VOL. 15.

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NO. 13.

THE DRAMA

Is it possible for a wife to love her husband too well? Surely not. But that it is possible for a wife to be too sugary and mucilaginous, to become a pest and a bore to even the gentlest and most forbearing of men, is demonstrated in the play at the Grand Opera House this week.

"The Tyranny of Tears," Haddon Chambers' famous comedy, is built not to enforce a moral, but to amuse. Incidentally, however, and in the most charmingly ingratiating way, it does enforce a moral—the moral that husbands and wives, even devoted husbands and wives, will find it to their advantage in their mutual relations to mind their own business and let each other have some freedom of action and opinion. Mr. Clement Parbury, whom Mr. Reeves-Smith so delicately impersonates, is a man of letters, doing his writing at home with the help of a very efficient female amanuensis. Parbury is a married man, quite fond of his wife, and prone to indulge and placate her at the expense of his own freedom. Without altogether realizing how far his concessions have led him, he has given up his club, his old friends, his most harmless habits and hobbies, and finally he has allowed his wife to interfere in his work and waste his time. She is a well-meaning fool of a woman, who cannot let "dear Clement" out of her sight, who reads into his most innocent and loving remark some proof of cruel disregard for her, and who "blubbers" upon the slightest excuse. When Mrs. Parbury commences to weep, Parbury invariably capitulates. Thus he falls under a "tyranny of tears." Eventually an unexpected visit from an old club friend causes Parbury to realize how far his pleasure in life, his capacity for work, his very self-development, have been stunted by the unperceiving selfishness of his morbidly sensitive wife. Matters must come to a crisis soon or late. He determines that it shall be soon. But the crisis is precipitated sooner than Parbury had expected or intended, and on most unfortunate grounds. His wife, without assigning cause, demands that the female amanuensis be dismissed. Parbury makes a heroic stand. His wife weeps and goes back home. Much of the very clever comedy of the piece is incident to the bringing about a reconciliation on a safe and self-respecting basis. Finally this is accomplished, and the pleasantness of the newly found peace is accentuated by the engagement of the charming amanuensis to Parbury's old friend, Gunning—a very promising alliance.

There are only six characters in "The Tyranny of Tears," and there are four rather long acts; so that, if Mr. Reeves-Smith were not a very capable comedian, and had not able support in every individual member of his company, the performance would be certain to drag. That it is not once dull, but sparkling through every act, is owing to the brightness and truthfulness of the piece no more than the ability and fidelity of its interpreters. This is the second play in which Mr. Reeves-Smith has charmed Toronto theater-goers this season. In "A Brace of Partidges," which he played at the Princess early in the fall, with the same leading support, he gave a much more vivacious but not more artistic performance.

The "Messenger Boy" at the Princess this week is one of the most amusing things in the musical comedy line that has been here for some moons. The story the piece is alleged to tell deals principally with the trials of the messenger boy in his attempt to carry a message from London to Egypt. The change of scenes is a regular study in geography. The spectators are quite prepared for the jump from London to Brindisi, and from there to Cairo, but just why the Paris Exhibition should be rung in on the unsuspecting public is hardly comprehensible. The music is of the variety usually termed "light and tuneful," and though possessing no great merit either as to originality or beauty, is decidedly catchy and has enough of the rag-time element to make good with the gallery. "Wash, Wash, Wash!" "Has Anybody Seen Our Cat?" "Your Own." "Pansy." "Can't You Take My Word?" and "The Dialect Soubrette" all came in for repeated encores.

The settings of the piece are costly, the chorus comely, and among the principals are included the best fun makers seen here this season. Of James T. Powers it is unnecessary to say anything, his broad grin and delightful humor having made him one of the most popular comic opera stars who visit the town, and as Tommy Bang the Messenger Boy he is the funniest yet. As Mrs. Bang, Tommy's mother, May Robson made a hit. Her make-up, manner, accent, everything, were perfect, and if possible Tommy's mamma was funnier than Thomas himself. Certainly they are a great pair, and it may be fairly said that Miss Robson divided the honors with the star, and the bouquet she received Monday night was a tribute to real merit. John B. Park, an old Toronto boy, played Clive Radnor, and his singing of the ballad, "Your Own," was the best thing in the piece from a musical standpoint. The rest of the cast is very strong, and includes such well-known people as George Honey, Harry Kelly, John P. Kennedy, Harold C. Crane, Georgia Caine, Jobyna Howland, and Rachel Booth. "The Messenger Boy" is not so slow as its name implies and is well worth a visit from every lover of musical comedy.

The Russell Brothers, in their uproarious burlesque.

"The Irish Servant Girls," are, from an entertainment standpoint, the best contributors to the performance at Shea's vaudeville theater this week. The big fellow gives an extravagantly funny caricature of a domestic of masculine Hibernian type, his facial expressions having a peculiar quality of absurdity. Next to the Russells, Stuart Barnes in monologue is the breeziest feature, closely followed by the three Lukens Brothers in some really hair-raising acrobatic feats, and Mosher, Houghton, and Mosher, an unusually good trio of trick bicyclists. "The Bifurcated Girl," a farce in which W. H. Murphy and Blanche Nichols perform, has been seen here before. Jessie Couthout, in monologue, is a rather commonplace performer, and better serpentine dancing has been seen here than that of Adele Purvis Onri. Marsh and Sartella, song and dance artists, were a rather poor kind.

"San Toy," the famous musical comedy, will be represented at the Princess Theater Monday night, and all next week, by the Augustin Daly Musical Company. The book is by Edward Morton, the music by Sidney Jones, and the lyrics by Harry Greenback and Adrian Ross. Lionel Monckton has composed some additional numbers. The entire production is said to be magnificent. As a spectacle it is highly picturesque, with the atmosphere and color of China. The first act represents a street in Peking by day, and moonlight. The second, the emperor's palace in Peking. Both are rich in artistic arrangements and effects and with the gorgeous costumes make striking and pleasing impressions. The music is tuneful and the lyrics and ballads of the kind that are sure to become popular. Among some of the gems are "Kow Tow," "Pynka-Pong," and "The Moon" songs, with a chorus gracefully waving lighted lanterns, the stores brilliantly illuminated, the silvery moon in the distance. "Love Has Come from Lotus Land," "Tommy Atkins," "I'll Introduce It Into China," and "The Pagoda Which Rhoda Ran," are other sparkling and pretty conceptions. Many dainty and graceful dances are introduced. The story tells of San Toy, a mandarin's daughter, her escapades as a boy, then as a girl, her love for an English soldier, her service with the emperor, and final happiness. The leading role will be taken by Marie Celeste. Particular attention has been given to the selection of the chorus, which numbers seventy-five. The orchestra is under the direction of John Braham. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday.

Helene Mora, who for several seasons was the feature of Hyde's Comedians, will provide one of the star acts at Shea's Theater next week. Miss Mora has been seen in Toronto once only, and that about three years ago. Her voice is a baritone, and said to be the best ever possessed by a woman. Her songs will be new to Toronto, and her gowns are among the finest ever imported from Paris. As a special feature, Mr. Shea has engaged the Kaufman Troupe of seven people, who, it is claimed, have the best bicycle act on the stage. Six of the troupe make their appearance at first and go through the usual evolutions. With a skill that is remarkable they ride by pairs, trios, and finally all six are whirling about the stage in solid formation. Then the stage is given over to one of the boys, who gives an exhibition of bicycle riding said to have never been equaled in public on this side of the water. The finale is when the entire troupe ride on one machine at the same time. This act was recently imported from the Hippodrome in London, where for two years it was a sensation. Another act that was recently brought from across the water is Colibri's Midgits, who will be seen here for the first time on Monday. There are five of these midgits, one man and four women, and what they cannot do in the way of slack wire walking, balancing, and turning, is hardly worth trying to do. Commencing with a miniature military drill, they go through a performance that embraces a musical sketch, a comedy act, an acrobatic exhibition, and concludes with the wire walking aforementioned. Then there will be Press Eldridge, "commander in chief of the army of fun," Mignonette Kokin, a dancer who is also new to the patrons of Shea's; Prevost and Prevost, in their comedy acrobatic act, "Fun in a Turkish Bath," Mabel Sisson and May Stewart, in a new sketch, and one or two other acts.

With two great plays, "Peg Woffington" and "Camille," Eugenie Blair, who appeared here last year in "A Lady of Quality," will open an engagement in this city at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening. "Peg Woffington," as presented by Miss Blair, is a dramatization made by Wendell Allison Hobart from Charles Reade's celebrated novel of the same name, and in the title role the star has a great part, and one for which she ought to be eminently fitted.



MISS EUGENIE BLAIR.

As the merry, mad stage favorite of the eighteenth century, Miss Blair presents a truly admirable exhibition of versatility, delightfully refreshing in its purity. As for "Camille," it will never lose its popularity, and as presented by Miss Blair and her company a new interest is lent to this celebrated masterpiece of the younger Dumas. The members of the company are said to have been admirably cast and a finished production is assured.

Humanity Not Retrograding.

IN one of his most notable essays, Emerson dwells at length upon the losses, chiefly physical, which the human race has suffered, under the law of compensation, to offset the apparent gains it has made by the refinements and enlightened processes of civilization. "Strike a savage with an ax," he says, by way of illustration, "and the wound is soon healed, while the same blow would send your civilized white man straight to his grave." However true this may be, as an axiomatic principle, the exceptions to it are greater than many have believed. The balance for good is undoubtedly on the side of civilization, and that heavily, in spite of all that some philosophers and pessimists may say. In evidence of this we have the results of the recent investigations of Professor Krause, an eminent German statistician, who has come to the conclusion that, despite the general fears, the human race is not degenerating physically. The professor says that the Egyptian mummies, after allowing for all possible shrinkages, were no larger in body when alive than are the present dwellers on the banks of the Nile. Dr. Krause bases his view chiefly on the irrefragable evidence of the recruiting statistics of all European countries. These show that even in France since 1815 there has been a growing improvement in the physical capacity of the recruits. "School going, codding, and other refinements of civilization," says Dr. Krause, "may have an injurious effect on the modern human fibre, but this is more than counterbalanced by the



A newly married couple, while on their wedding trip in Scotland, recently sent a friend in Toronto the above card, with the explanation, "Our Photo."

improved hygiene and better cooking." In other words, civilization is not all a huge blunder, as another German philosopher, the late Professor Nietzsche, held, the primitive state of savagery, animalism and brute force being preferable, but an onward march, even though a slow and halting one, to a higher, nobler, and happier state of being.

Hockey.

HOCKEY match that created considerable interest in the student world—particularly in the masculine part of it—was the game between the ladies of Victoria and Toronto Universities. The "Varsity septette" defeated the girls from the "little red schoolhouse" by the score of 3 to 2. Encouraged by the slogan of the "rooters" from the different colleges, the two teams lined up, the master of ceremonies blew the whistle, and they were off. In the first half "Varsity" got two and shut out Victoria altogether. Miss Fortner and Miss Morrish were responsible for the scoring. In the second half Victoria woke up some and had rather the best of it, scoring twice to "Varsity's" once.

Miss Sale played a strong game for Victoria, and her rushes were directly responsible for the two scored in the last half. Miss Tate for "Varsity" showed up well and scored their only point in the second half. The "rah-rah" boys were out in force and kept things going by occasionally giving vent to their feelings a la Red Indian. The advice they gave gratuitously to the players and the remarks they made in the excitement were funny. I heard a staid fourth year divinity student exclaim rapturously, "Gee! this is fer blood!" "Soak her, Vic!" "Use your weight, 'Varsity!" "Shoot, you lob-er-er-shoot!" sound all right at a hockey game of the masculine variety, but when applied to a ladies' match they seem to me rather mal apropos—whatever that means.

"Dutch" Bilton is a sport of the proper stuff, and when he came over the boards last Saturday night the reception he got no doubt proved to him that he had done the right thing in turning out for his team and not playing "Willie with the sore head," even though he had sufficient provocation. Without his assistance the Saints would have made the champion Wellingtons look like a lot of selling platers.

"Varsity" is out with the evident intention of making the Dukes play pretty much Stanley Cup style to-night at the Mutual street rink. With Hanley, Evans, Snell and Wright on the team, the collegians will be stronger than at any time this season, and the Wellingtons will have to move to beat them, even with McKay and Darling back on the team.

There is scarcely a doubt but that the Dukes will win the district, but even at that they will have to do better than they did last Saturday to win the championship. The Frontenacs are going very fast just now, and should they get into the finals will take a lot of beating.

Winnipeggers refuse to believe that it was drinking Red River water that gave Chadwick the scarlet fever.

Upper Canada College has a fast bunch of players this year, and should have no difficulty in winning the district. Their score of 37 to 9 on the round against the Canoe Club looks more like cricket than anything else.

THE REFEREE

Keeping Time by His Belt.

"I'VE heard of many strange timepieces," said a buyer for a New York ice company, as reported in the "Tribune," "but I ran across something entirely new in that line last week. I went to a lake back of Newburg to estimate the ice crop. Among the men working there was a heavy set fellow who was dressed in blanket clothes. He kept his trousers in place with a narrow leather belt, and several times in course of the morning I noticed him tighten it a hole at a time.

"What time is it?" I asked him, for my watch was not running.
"He glanced at his belt and answered promptly, '11.30.'
"Seeing that he had no watch I asked him how he knew, and he explained his system of telling time by his belt. After breakfast, which was eaten at six o'clock, the belt was set at the last hole. Every hour during the morning he was forced to take it in a hole. He knew it was thirty minutes after eleven because he had taken in five holes and the belt was just beginning to slacken. After dinner he would let it out again to the last hole and it would mark off the hours during the afternoon. He said it was as trustworthy as the best watch he had ever owned, and several tests proved that he was right."

What It Is.

"Say, Pete, what kind of a bile is this auto-mobile I dun been readin' about in the papers?" "Well, 'tain't just a common bile, I reckon. Seems more like a run-around, Sam."—"Judge."

Notes From the Capital.

Governor-General and Party Visit the Quebec Carnival—Great Gaiety at the Capital—Stunning Gowns at the Vice-Regal Ball—Other Social Events.

THIS week Ottawa has had to do the best it could to be happy without the presence of vicereignty. The flag has not waved over Government House, and those who went down to register their names in the visitors' book were disappointed. Lord and Lady Minto, Lady Grey, Lady Sibyl Grey, Lady Alix Beauclerc and the entire house party left in the early part of the week for Quebec. They took with them gay blanket coats and sashes, to be worn at skiing or tobogganing parties, and fancy costumes to be worn at a skating carnival which was to be one of the week's attractions.

These costumes will be worn again in Ottawa on Monday night, when the event of the skating season takes place, a carnival at the Rideau Rink. Some of the good skaters have been at work during the past ten days or so, practising the Lancers, which will be one of the features at the carnival.

Notwithstanding the absence of the heads of society, there has been much going on this week—a couple of dances, one on Monday night, given by Mrs. George Bryson, and one on Friday, given by Mrs. Fred Booth in honor of her guest, Miss Price of Boston, and a ball on Thursday night in the Racquet Court, a charity ball in aid of the Children's Hospital. There have been innumerable teas, luncheons and dinners.

Everybody went to see "San Toy" in the Russell Theater on Monday night, and among the parties after the opera was a supper given by Mrs. Edward Moore in her new house in Cartier street. One of the most admired among the debutantes this season is Miss Moore, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moore. She is tall, and of a brunette type of beauty. The concert of Herr Jan Kubelik on Wednesday night was another fashionable event.

Last week was, if anything, gayer than this week, but the only dance of any importance was the ball given by Lady Minto at Government House on Friday evening. It was a charming party. There were about five hundred invitations, and although very nearly as many people were there, the ballroom was never unduly crowded. The beautiful drawing-rooms and the morning-room of the Countess were all at the disposal of the guests, and there were many pleasant places for sitting out dances, which at Government House balls is always quite as popular as dancing. Supper was served in the Racquet Court, which, as usual, was done up in red and white striped tenting, and looked more like a large marquee than a racquet court. The present occupants of Government House play tennis in this hall much more frequently than they play racquet, but the old name still clings to it. A long table lighted with pink shaded candles and decorated with pink and white roses extended from one end of the hall to the other, and in addition there were a number of smaller tables, some round, some square, lighted with candles and adorned with roses, and at these the guests were able to enjoy a most excellent supper. Supper began about eleven-thirty, and was announced by the playing of the National Anthem, when it was observed that the Earl of Minto, preceded by two aides-de-camp, was leading the way to supper with Mrs. Clifford Sifton. The Postmaster-General had the honor of taking the Countess in to supper, and the Countess looked very beautiful that night, in a gown of white satin trimmed with frills of tulle, and jeweled lace. A sash of tulle hung at the back, and a yoke of the jeweled trimming formed the top of the skirt. Her coronet of diamonds was a quite low one, and very becoming to her shapely head. She wore strings of pearls and diamonds around her neck, and carried a magnificent shower bouquet of pink roses and lilies of the valley. Mrs. Mulock, who wore a handsome black gown, went to supper third in the procession, having for partner the Minister of Finance, Mr. W. S. Fielding. Lady Grey went to supper with Mr. Sydney Fisher, and the Mayor of Ottawa took in her daughter, Lady Sibyl. Lady Grey wore black lace over white satin, and splendid diamonds. Lady Sibyl and Lady Alix Beauclerc wore pretty dresses of distinct London make. Lady Sibyl's was black mousseline with folds of white mousseline on the bodice. Lady Alix wore a gown of pink satin. Captain and Mrs. Chaplin have been the guests of Lord and Lady Minto. Mrs. Chaplin was a Miss Dunsmuir of Victoria, B.C. She met her husband while stopping in Ireland with her sister, Lady Musgrove. Captain Chaplin was at that time on the Viceroy's staff at Dublin. Mrs. Chaplin is rather nice looking, and her gown was one of the smartest of the many smart ones at the ball. It was of blue gauze, spangled with or worked with silver, and built over reddish silk that gave it the many tints of the opal. Her diamonds were magnificent. Captain Chaplin is in this country for the purpose of buying horses for the Imperial Government. He and Major Ormesby-Gore are superintending the business. Two young ladies from Toronto were among the girls who looked nice at this ball, Miss Sibyl Seymour, who wore a blue and white gown, and Miss Evelyn Falconbridge, Mrs. Mulock's guest, who wore a pretty white frock. White seemed to be the favorite, but there were some charming pink and blue gowns.

Mr. George Meagher of Toronto, who spent last week in Ottawa, and the Countess of Minto had an opportunity of practising fancy skating. There are not really many men in Ottawa who skate sufficiently well to show Lady Minto's skating off to advantage.

Among the Ottawa people who have gone to Quebec for the carnival week is pretty Miss Lola Powell, who is the guest of Mrs. Hayter Reed at the Chateau Frontenac, and is in every way a charming representative of the Capital. Miss Powell is tall and graceful, decidedly good looking; she skates and dances well, and she is one of the best lady skiers in Canada.

Dr. and Mrs. Seward Webb and Miss Webb were guests at Government House during the few days they spent in Ottawa, when Dr. Webb, uniting business with pleasure, bought the Canada Atlantic. They were at the stormy skating party on Monday night, and at a large dinner the following night. When they left in their private car about midnight, they were accompanied by Lady Adelaide Taylor, who is spending a few days with them at the doctor's beautiful "farm" near Westport on Lake Champlain.

Miss Frances Sullivan, daughter of Senator Sullivan of Kingston, arrived in town this week, and is the guest of Mrs. M. P. Davis. Miss Hickson of Montreal is stopping at Sir Sandford Fleming's. Mrs. Heubach of Winnipeg is the guest of Miss Sparks. Next week the city will be filled with strangers.

AMARYLLIS.

Progress.

Back, back he slipped in desperation grin.

With tyrant Failure busy every hour!

Till once his mirrored face looked out at him

Unrecognized, so had it grown in power!

—Tom Masson.

The Surgeons' Valentine.

He—You know about the doctors operating on Tom Archer for appendicitis and discovering that their diagnosis was wrong? She—Oh, yes. Well? He—Well, they sent him home on Valentine's day with a note reading, "Opened by mistake."—"Judge."

The plays of Oscar Wilde are to be ascribed heretofore only to "the author of 'Lady Windermere's Fan.'" The managers of St. James' Theater, London, in which "The Importance of Being Earnest," the first of his plays to be performed since his trial, is being produced, state that this was his dying request. "And thus he shall be nameless," comments the Springfield "Republican."

A Tour of the Churches

No. 12.

How the Casual Visitor is Impressed

BY "DON."

Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A., on The Evolution of the World.

ATTRACTED by the announcement of the beginning of a series of lectures on "Religion and Evolution," I went last Sunday night to the Unitarian Church in Jarvis street. The amount of publicity the announcement received in all the daily papers should have attracted a much larger audience than assembled to hear Rev. Mr. Sunderland, for though the night was somewhat inclement the Unitarian Church has a reputation of providing thoughtful addresses and good music. Probably there is no other city of the size of Toronto in English-speaking America where religious orthodoxy is so generally demanded in name or so widely disregarded in the beliefs of the people. Though Unitarianism in Toronto has been represented by some of the highest types of our citizenship, and though the general movement has done so much for Christianity in widening the views of all the other churches and beautifying life by presenting what at one time was the much neglected human side of Christ's mission, yet it has never become a popular denomination. At one time it was the dominant church of intellectual New England, but the leaven of its doctrines having accomplished so much towards the broadening and softening of other religions, its mission is not now nearly as distinctive nor its influence as great as formerly. The same change has been felt in Canada, and I should judge by the number of elderly men who last Sunday night seemed to be leaders of the church, that it is not recruiting rapidly here, while gradually losing by death some of its esteemed members.

Rev. Mr. Sunderland is a slightly built man, with a high forehead and intellectual face, clear voice, and an earnest though somewhat nervous manner. His reading of the 19th Psalm was exceedingly good, but his prayer seemed cold and intellectual only, as compared with those we hear from preachers who implore the presence and assistance of the Holy Spirit. The announcement of the Browning Club for Wednesday evening, and the Unity Club for Friday evening, the subject of the latter being Australia and New Zealand,



REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND, M.A.

land, further presented the particular appeal of the Unitarians to the reason rather than to the emotions, and suggested the mental enquiry whether such an organization would ever prove quite satisfactory to the multitude who seem to demand a nearness to the divine heart and a mediator full of sympathy. The demand for a personal leadership has always imposed heavy tasks upon Unitarian pastors, and it has often been hard to find men to take charge of churches possessing not only the power to lead intellectually, but to attract and hold the membership sentimentally. Of the latter phase of Rev. Dr. Sunderland's pastorate I have had no opportunity of judging, but his lecture, lasting nearly an hour, both in its subject matter and the manner in which it was delivered, places him in a foremost place amongst the preachers of this city. He spoke from manuscript, but his reading was so easy and natural as scarcely to impede his elocution or interrupt the continuous flow of thoughtful and often eloquent periods. His theme has been divided into five parts, last Sunday night's section being "The Evolution of the World," the four succeeding ones to be "The Evolution of Man," "The Evolution of Religion," "The Problem of Pain and Evil in the Light of Evolution," and "Evolution and Immortality."

In science, he assured us, evolution has won its battle through a struggle as severe as has been known to the modern world, and to-day no scientist of any standing rejects the fundamental postulates of the evolutionary theory. In religion, however, the battle is not yet over. Liberal Christians accept evolution—have accepted it almost from the beginning—and see in it great new light upon religious problems, and vast enlargement of the whole realm of religious thought. Very many of the broader and more independent minds in the older churches also accept it more or less, and the number of these increases every year. But the world moves slowly in religious matters. The application of evolution to theology, the adjustment of religious thought throughout its entire realm to the law of evolution, will be the task of the next twenty-five years. Throughout all the history of the world down to four centuries ago, the sun, moon and stars had been believed to revolve about the earth and to have no larger mission than to light the path of dwellers on this planet. The earth, then, with the crystalline firmament hung with heavenly lights as its roof, and with the green lands and the shining waters as its floor, was conceived to be the whole universe. God sent to the race a great thinker who saw deeper into nature, its ways and its meanings, than others had done. He saw that the conception of the Universe was too small, that there are other worlds than this, that the sun does not revolve about the earth, that the earth and her sister planets revolve about the sun, and that beyond our solar system there are other worlds; that the stars are not insignificant light-points, but suns that carry worlds in their arms. This great thought of Copernicus gave birth to our modern science of astronomy, and widened men's mental vision to an extent that is scarcely conceivable.

A little later came another great scientific thought through Newton. It was the conception of gravitation, or the universe under law. Its effects were hardly less vast or revolutionary or beneficent than those which resulted from the thought of Copernicus.

In our age has come still another thought not less vast and far-reaching in its significance. It is the thought of evolution, or the conception of creation as continuous and eternal. That immensely important effects are sure to come to religious beliefs from the doctrine of evolution there can be no doubt. It is not strange, therefore, that the religious world is very deeply agitated over it. Looked at from any standpoint, it is not a light matter to have the long established religious opinions of men disturbed. "I know not," said he, "how any thoughtful man can be complacent in view of the overturnings that are being already introduced into the religious thinking of our time by the doctrine of evolution, except as he sees reason to believe that beyond the agitation, and to be reached through the agitation, more intelligent, more stable and more worthy religious faiths are waiting for men. For one, I do not



CHUMS.

Amateur photo by "Ted" Musson, Weston, Ont.

doubt that this is to be the result. I believe that the outcome of all the overturnings is to be worthier views of God; the discovery of firmer, because truer, foundations for religion; the purification of religious thinking from much that has been dogmatic, arbitrary and repellent to candid minds, and the turning of religious activities into channels of greater service to men than have been known in the past."

He expressed hopefulness as to being able to do something on these lines, and gave a word of assurance that though the timid and the backward-looking felt exactly the same fear when the doctrine of Copernicus was brought forward (that the earth revolves around the sun), and the cry of infidelity was raised against the author, just as the cry of infidelity is raised to-day against the evolutionists because contradictory to the Bible, yet there was no overturning of religion. On the contrary, the teaching of Copernicus had widened men's mental horizon, and with that had come a corresponding broadening of and benefit to religion. So, too, when the great thought of Newton came to men who thought God had nothing more to reveal, they were afraid again that religion was to suffer injury. If law was to come in, must not God go out? The wiser said no, for they saw that law enthroned, rather than dethroned, God. These experiences of the past ought to give us calmness and assurance for the future. God is not dead; truth is still safe; the doctrine of evolution will not stand unless it proves itself true, and if it proves itself true it will not harm anything in religion that is true—it will only sweep away what is false, and surely what is false can be of no permanent value to religion.

Turning to the two theories of how the world came into existence, he spoke of one as the old theory to which we have been accustomed all our lives, and the other as the new theory which science teaches. One is the theory set forth in the book of Genesis; the other is the modern scientific theory of evolution. He pointed out the interesting fact that every people has its cosmogony or theory of creation. As soon as men rise above a very low grade of civilization they begin naturally and inevitably to ask themselves about the origin and meaning of their own existence and that of the worlds around them. Where did I come from? Where did the world come from? How did things come to be as they are? These are questions men ask themselves as naturally as the child to-day asks the cause of the things by its side which seem strange and wonderful. And as children asking questions and not getting satisfactory replies are very likely to make up answers of their own, so men in all parts of the world are found to have made up answers to these questions of theirs about the origin of the world of human life. In all literatures and legends there are found more or less extensive accounts of the creation of the world, and thus it appears that our Bible is not alone in containing an account of a supposed manner of creation.

After dealing most instructively and entertainingly with a number of these cosmogonies and quoting a hymn from the Rig Veda, which is probably older than any portion of our Bible, and many centuries older than the Book of Genesis, which is by no means the oldest part of our Scriptures, he said it did not require anything supernatural to account for the Hebrew people having a cosmogony of their own. The Book of Genesis, which contains this, he contended, has been proven by critical examination to be purely legendary. In this connection he quoted the words of Dean Stanley, spoken in Westminster Abbey at the funeral of Sir Charles Lyell, a great geologist: "It is well known that when the study of geology first arose it was involved in interminable schemes of reconciliations with the letter of the Scriptures. There were, and are, two modes of reconciliation which have each totally and deservedly failed. The one attempts to wrest the words of the Bible from their real meaning and force them to speak the language of science; and the other attempts to falsify science to meet the supposed requirements of the Bible. It is now clear to all students of the Bible that the first and second chapters of Genesis contain two narratives of the creation side by side, differing from each other in almost every particular of time, place and order. It is now known that the vast epochs demanded by scientific observation are incompatible both with the six thousand years of the Mosaic chronology and the six days of the Mosaic creation."

The speaker called particular attention to the statement of this conservative scholar and deeply religious man, Dean Stanley, that there are two differing accounts of the creation side by side in the first and second chapters of Genesis. The first account begins with Genesis i., 1, and extends to Genesis ii., 3. The second begins where the first leaves off, at Genesis ii., 4, and continues to the end of the chapter. Without pausing to consider the contradictory aspects of these accounts, he quoted, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Genesis states the time occupied to have been six days, each with its evening and morning, and informs us what objects were made each day. On the first day light was created and divided from the darkness, thus causing day and night. On the second day a firmament, or roof, or dome, was made (that which we call the sky, which the Hebrews thought to be solid and clear like glass), to separate the waters above it (stored there as reservoirs for rain) from the waters below it. This crystalline dome or firmament was thought to be full of windows which could be opened when it was necessary to pour rain down upon the earth. On the third day the remainder of the waters—those that were beneath the sky—were collected together into one place so as to form seas, and the land which was thus brought to view was made to bring forth grass and herbs and trees. On the fourth day God made two great lights in the sky, the sun to rule by day and the moon to rule by night, and He made the stars also. On the fifth day He created the fish of the sea and the birds of the air. On the sixth day He caused the earth to bring forth four-footed beasts and creeping things, and finally He created man in His own image.

The first account does not tell the process by which He made man, but going on to the second account we find that He formed Adam, the male, out of the dust of the ground, and Eve, the female, out of a rib taken from the side of Adam. This completes six days of the working week, which the Creator is represented as observing, and on the following day, the Sabbath, He rested. Such is the Genesis account of the creation of the world and the things which

it contains. As reasonable, intelligent beings, are we bound to accept this theory of creation? Canon Driver of Oxford, Professor Ladd of Yale, Professor Toy of Harvard, and a large part of the highest authorities in England, Germany and America, tell us that it is either legend or poetry, but it certainly is not history. This, too, is the position taken by all scientists, and in the light which we have to-day no other position seems tenable for a moment. As a poem of creation it is striking, impressive, beautiful. But as science, as history, as something to be regarded as fact, it no more stands the test than does Milton's "Paradise Lost."

No one knows who wrote this Genesis account; no scholar of any note holds to the Mosaic authorship, and it was impossible for Moses to have been an eye witness, and no one could know of it but God himself. The writer of Genesis does not claim that the Creator gave him his information. The account of creation seems to have been written, not in Palestine, but in Babylon, and to have been found there by the Jews at the time of their captivity about six hundred years before Christ, worked over by them, and finally adopted and given a place in their Book of Genesis. The Genesis record cannot be traced back more than six hundred years before Christ, and does not come from any source that gives it standing as history, and it contains within itself statements which invalidate it as science. The Genesis narrative is plain, simple, straightforward, and shows that the writer meant what he said in referring to days, and had no reference to indefinite periods; and no one would think of trying to interpret those days as periods except actuated by the desire, by hook or by crook, to obtain an interpretation which would harmonize with science, which has shown that long periods were devoted to creation. Again, in the Genesis account we find light created before the sun, as if there could be light without the source of light. Day and night are divided from each other before there is any sun, as if that were possible. The sky is represented as a solid firmament or dome separating the waters above it from the waters below. Every child to-day knows how mistaken is this conception. Plants are represented as created before the sun, as if vegetation or any form of life could exist for a moment without the sun's heat and light. The sun is said to have been created later than the earth, while science teaches us that the sun came into being long in advance. The stars, too, are represented as being made after the earth, when we know that the earth is a creature of yesterday compared with many of them. Science teaches us that the animals and plants came together, while Genesis states that they were produced on separate days. The writer of Genesis intended to locate the creation in a time about six thousand years ago, but science teaches us to find the beginning of the world millions, probably hundreds of millions of years before that. Thus we see that the Scripture story breaks down at every point when we attempt to wrest it from what it really is, a legend or poem.

Space forbids the learned dissertation with which the reverend gentleman introduced the theory of evolution. He believed in it because we have only to look into the heavens to see the evolutionary process going on. The astronomer, by means of his telescope and trained powers of observation, is able to discover world-making in every stage of progress. Take a nebula, a vast fiery cloud; it is world-stuff, material out of which worlds are made. In another nebula condensation is begun at one or more points; perhaps evidence of a whirling motion is apparent—it means that the world evolution is in process. Another nebula is condensed into a great central sun, and from it a ring is separated; that ring is the first step toward a planet. It is thus that the telescope, if not the naked eye, reveals to us sun-making and planet-making in two stages. So then evolution is plainly the law of the heavens above our heads. He spoke of the evolution of house-building, the growth of the oak and of everything we see about us, and said that in the same way we learned that suns, planets, worlds, instead of being created suddenly, grow. Referring to geology, he spoke of it as a record inscribed by nature herself by the hand of her elements and forces, fire and water and wind and ice. The reader of nature studies volcanoes, stratification, the rise and subsidence of lands and laws of erosion, by which mountains are cut down and carried into the sea; the action of wind and rain and frost and heat in disintegrating rocks and changing them into soil; the laws of glaciers, and how they plane down hills and fill up valleys, and carry their enormous loads of rock and earth half across continents. He knows that these laws and forces are constant, and therefore that he has the key of the past history of the surface of the planet and how it came to be what he sees it now.

These records are written in the stone books of the earth, and when the organic appears he can go no further back and cannot find the beginning of life. Even if we grant that life in this world at its beginning was a special creation, everything indicates that that beginning was so low down and so simple as to form only the starting point. Passing over the proofs of evolution drawn from morphology, from embryology, and from the geographical distribution of organisms, and the steady gain which geological and biological sciences are making, he quoted the celebrated Professor Le Conte as saying: "The law of evolution is as certain as the law of gravitation." Almost every scientist has accepted the theory, and nearly every one approached it with an antagonistic view, and he asked his hearers which theory they would accept, that of Genesis or that of evolution, and concluded by comparing the religiousness of the two theories. That one was in the Bible inclined us to it as having greater religious claims, yet truth should be regarded as sacred wherever discovered. "Is not all truth of God, whether written on parchment or stone; whether inscribed by a pen held by a human hand, or by wind and rain and ice and fire on mountain sides; whether written two thousand years ago in Palestine or to-day in America, or a million years ago in any land of earth?"

His closing remarks were eloquent, devout, and convincing. He asked us where we would be if we kept our eyes closed to new truth in religion. Where would have been the Protestant Reformation, or Christianity itself? Where, asked he, are the foundations of religion? In a book or in the soul of man? And if in the soul, how can acceptance of the belief that God's creation is perennial, continuous, eternal, disturb them, or do anything else but deepen and strengthen them? There are forms of the evolution theory that are atheistic, that push God to one side and give us

only law, but there are other forms of it that are profoundly theistic, that fill the universe full of God as no other theory known to man does, certainly far more than the Genesis theory itself does. That makes Him a creator from without; this makes Him a creator within—His creative power operative in all things from atom to sun. That makes Him a creator of the world once, then He withdraws so far as creative function is concerned, and is forever thereafter an absentee God; this theory makes Him a creative Intelligence and Power that never sleeps and never withdraws from any atom of His universe. The Genesis story of creation is but an assertion of God; evolution is a revelation of God. Genesis asserts God did so and so; evolution shows us God doing so and so—it not only reveals the divine creative work, but it reveals the Creator at work in the vast workshop of His universe to our own eyes.

"A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell;
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell—
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod,
Some call it evolution—
Its deeper name is GOD."

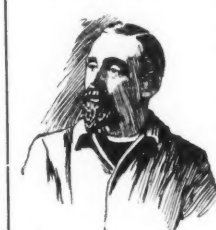
I cannot apologize for having made this report so long; my only apology should be for mutilating so excellent a lecture by cutting it down—it was great! The four that are yet to come I feel certain will be quite as well worth hearing.

DON.

Saving Souls in a Mining Country.

THE death is announced of the Rev. Henry Irwin, the best known "sky pilot" in the Rossland mining district. "Father Pat" he was universally called, and as Father Pat he will be remembered as long as the present generation survives in British Columbia's towns and mining camps. Undoubtedly he was one of the oddest fish that ever strayed to our shores.

A regularly ordained Church of England clergyman, and a graduate of an Old Country university, he accepted in its most literal sense St. Paul's advice to be all things to all men. He could play ball, smoke,



"FATHER PAT."

chew tobacco, drink whiskey, fight or "swap" stories, as occasion might demand. Not only could he do any or all of these—he actually did them in gaining the confidence of men whose physical and spiritual comfort was his ultimate aim. He traveled on foot from place to place in the mountains. His "science" in the matter of fisticuffs was something that the "toughest" miner who ever made a rough house could take pointers from. Often

and often, it is said, did he back up his gospel message with a little moral suasion straight from the shoulder.

For instance, he once went to an out-of-the-way mining camp to pray with a sinner who was about to "pass in his checks." Unfamiliar with Father Pat's methods, the fellows thought he was an ordinary "sky pilot" and started in to have a little sport. In language more picturesque than polite, Father Pat was informed that preachers were considered quite superfluous. He promptly challenged the whole outfit to come on, man by man, and if he couldn't "lick" the entire series he would depart, never to return there again. The gage was taken up. The biggest bully in the bunch promptly entered the lists. There was only one fight necessary, however, and Father Pat was given entry to the sick man.

A friend of mine told me that about three years ago he was in a Rossland bar-room, when a queer-looking character in clerical garb came in and called loudly for drinks. The thirsty customer was the notorious Father Pat. He had just returned from a toilsome pastoral journey.

In their audacious unconventionality, Father Pat's methods were simply shocking to staid and strait-laced Easterners. But he seems to have accomplished much substantial good, and people about Rossland always had a kind word to say for the eccentric priest militant.

"Fore!"

TWO people, one young and fresh, with soft, wind-blown hair, and the brown roses of the sun glowing through the pink and white of her dimpled cheeks. And the other a little old maid, with the shadow of a disappointed life in her faded eyes.

"Golf! Golf!" she said bitterly, as she lifted the clubs the girl had laid on the table, and deliberately dropped them out of the window. "Never let me hear the word. Child, never bring those terrible sticks into my house. Many times, long ago, I heard that golf was the one game in which men cheated as often as they chose and no one could prove otherwise. They told me mine out of ten played it unfairly, that one never knew if the other could be trusted, that even the little boys who carried the sticks were bribed. Fences and hollows and hills hid the players from each other and left them free to do as they wished. I did not believe them. I loved someone who loved the game, and one day I went up to the course with many others. They went to see the game. I went to watch the players."

She paused, forgetting the other, who had grown strangely interested.

"Well?" asked the girl at last.

The little old maid woke with a start from her dreaming, and her grey curls bobbed excitedly as she went on.

"Yes, it was true. I had thought him so immeasurably above anything petty or mean—and I saw him cheat. I heard him lie—to win a game. I did not pretend to understand how they played, or how many shots were necessary to win or lose, but I could count. That was enough."

Again she paused, and again the girl's enquiring "Well?" urged her on.

"Yes, I counted, to my sorrow. He put his ball on a little lump of mud and knocked it off, and I totted down 'one.' Five times he hit it between that and a certain field. Then his ball went down into a pit that came in his way, and remembering what they said about cheating, and smiling to myself in my absolute confidence in him, I watched."

"Ah! he disappeared from sight, and just as I said to myself, 'He is playing his seventh,' he called at the top of his voice:

"'Four!'"

"My head swam. I could hardly believe my senses. Four! when I had counted every shot and knew it was seven! I held my breath, thinking surely he would remember and correct his mistake, but instead he called again, loudly and defiantly:

"'Four!'"

"Child, that was forty years ago, and I have never seen him since. You may think it was a little thing, but if he would cheat in a game, for nothing but the winning of a day's sport, how could I trust him in anything? It was the bitterness of my disappointment in him that killed the love. To cheat, with a falsehood added, and for such a little thing, for such a little thing!"

"And didn't you ask him? Didn't he explain?"

"Ask him? Explain! No. I told him nothing. I asked nothing. One falsehood more would not have bettered things. They told me afterwards that he won the match by a shot, and I knew that the honor and the trophy he carried away were stolen things. How could he have explained?"

The girl rose to her feet with a torrent of words on her lips. They died away unuttered as her eyes fell on the grey curls, the worn cheeks, the faded eyes, and she remembered the stretch of years between.

"Oh! the pity of it, the pity of it," she said to herself, as she stole softly away.

M. GEALE WINDEYER.

The Audience and the Pianist.

BY JOSEF HOFMANN.

“I often I am asked the question, ‘Does not the artist find it a little boring to play the same piece over and over again?’ I mean of course, in a large gathering, a hundred people who know, who feel, who sympathize.”

How can the artist tell, some ask, when all are silent and apparently attentive while he is playing and all applaud after he has finished? How can he tell the true sympathy from empty, though noisy, demonstration?

“Ah, my friends, you ask me too much. I do not know. No one knows how the communication is made, but it is instant, it is positive, and it is as real as this table before me or the message you receive by the wireless telegraph.”

It is not what they do or say—it is what they feel that is helpful. Without such aid as I have described the artist cannot possibly be at his best, and no amount of simulated enthusiasm by people who do not really understand can compensate for its absence.

Another question frequently asked me is: “What is the gift that makes the great musician?” My reply to that is that so far as any observation goes some qualities of the brain are the source of the artistic power.

Observe the head of the good musician and you will always find it fuller over the eyes than that of other men. But the real motive power that makes for the production of happy performance of great musical compositions resides further back than that chamber over the eyes. I have no doubt but that the surgeons could find the exact portion of the brain which is devoted to music if they were allowed to make the experiments with human beings that they make with birds, animals, reptiles and insects, by means of which they have been enabled to show the localization in the brain lobes of the various senses.

I have no doubt but that the severing of certain delicate cords would deprive the artist of all sense in regard to music, and the experiment, therefore, is so tempting that perhaps it is as well the law restrains the surgeon.

It is, therefore, a question of brain in the first place. One can develop the qualities that go to make the true musical artist, but he cannot create them by education. That is why there are great numbers of people who play music with skill, dexterity and precision, and of whose work the undiscerning say: “That is a finished performance,” yet still feel vaguely that there is something lacking, while those people who know and who have sympathy, exclaim: “The soul is lacking.”

The artist must feel before he can express; he must thrill with the beauty of the theme he has in hand before he can present that beauty to his hearers. And this ability to feel is inborn, it cannot be taught.

When one has the right brain and the right feeling there is still the right physique that must go to the making of the pianist. One must have strength and swiftness as well as good eyesight. So excellent physical condition has much to do with the making of good music, and to that end outdoor exercise of all kinds is good; but the musician must beware of too much strength, which would be certain to result in coarseness.

Another question which is frequently propounded to me is as to how I get this training again after a long time away from the piano?

Well, for the first three or four days I play everything pianissimo. I take great pains not to overexert the muscles of the hands and fingers, as, if I strained them, the mischief might be exceedingly hard to remedy.

As to the mental work of conquering new compositions, that does not trouble me much. I have been so familiar with music from my very earliest days that I learn quickly and find that I always overestimate the length of time it will take me to learn a new piece. I say to myself that it will take three

days, but find that I have it conquered at the end of the first day.

I do not study music much now. One may so easily overstudy—may so easily become absorbed in mere details to such an extent that he loses his grasp of the theme as a whole. I prefer to leave something to inspiration.

Overstudy, I believe, ruins a great many artists. A steel spring can be bent just so far and retain its strength and elasticity. If pressed beyond that point it snaps and its life departs.

Another question often asked me is: “What music do I most admire?” That I find it impossible to answer. There are so many composers who are excellent and whose qualities are so widely different. I reverence Wagner, he is great, perhaps the greatest, but he has done much harm.

Sometimes you will see a great artist



JOSEF HOFMANN.

laboring away faithfully for years doing the noblest sort of work, but quite unable to gain the notice of the world until he says in desperation: “If only something so unusual that people will have to regard me,” and he proceeds to produce a thing that is horrible, startling, shocking, outrageous, and so gains notoriety instead of fame, after which, having obtained the attention of the world, he settles down to true and noble art work again.

Wagner, in spite of his greatness, is responsible for much evil that has been done. It is all very well to say that certain music shall describe a storm, a battle, the sea, dawn, or sunset; but when you carry it so far as to insist that other music represents cheese or lump sugar, you are producing absurdity and setting the weak-minded on a wrong track.

No, no; music must not be hampered and shackled and bound in such a fashion. Music is free, music is independent; there is no other obligation legitimately laid upon it than that it shall be beautiful and pleasing.

I am often asked whether or not I compose? Oh, yes; yes—symphonies. I compose a good deal, and I find the difficulty which all composers have, of distinguishing between a new composition and an old memory. The composer in making a new thing must repeat it very often to himself, and after he has done that some scores of times he begins to doubt whether it is really new; he suspects that it may be an old recollection. If he has no conscience this does not disturb him, because there is no prison for the person who steals music; but if he is sensitive and desirous of appropriating nothing which belongs to another, he is very much worried and tries by all means to discover whether what he has is new or old. In most instances he finds it is new and that he has simply deceived himself by constant repetition.

Some people ask me what I think of native American music? I like it very much. The time is odd. We had nothing like it on the other side till it originated here, but it is spreading all over Europe now.

As to the piano, I welcome it. I am glad of the piano; the piano is my friend because it at once dispenses of all that music which is merely difficult. The musician mechanic who simply exhibits manipulation, who inflicts on audiences devilled chromatic scales, without joy, without sorrow, without emotion of any kind, without coherence, beauty or significance, he must sit back—whisk! The piano has eclipsed him at one bound.

The man whose only ability is in moving his fingers rapidly or stretching them far may find an eclipse in the performance of the piano, but it only affects the artist. The matter is very simple, the machine cannot be greater than its director, and in order that the piano shall produce the truly artistic it must have the true artist behind it.

It has always seemed to me a great pity not to be able to play an electric and a soulless thing that has no beauty and which they cannot love, in order to make them by a display of mere manual dexterity. It is as if a painter were to offer you a wretched daub and say: “Observe, see, this wonderful painting. I made it in fifteen minutes.” You would be tempted to answer: “Yes, sir, and you will be fifteen centuries in selling it.”

When the mechanic with the brush paints a picture without sense or beauty merely to show his skill, the public punish him by leaving his work alone, but the punishment of the musician who sacrifices soul-beauty to mere manipulation is not so easy. The piano comes at last as a Nemesis. Good for the piano!

Are Canadians inferior? Canadian brains and money can produce as good a tin of lunch tongue, or pork and beans, as Americans. Try those packed by William Clark, Montreal. They are excellent.

Scene: A collapsed building. “Kape alive, Mike! We’re rescuin’ ye.” Voice from the debris—Is big Clancy up there wid ye? “Sure he is.” “Ant him wud he be so kind as t’ step aft the roolins. I’ve enough on top av me widout him.” —Brooklyn “Life.”

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Did you ever hear of a bodily organ being strengthened by inactivity? It is to the organ that is exercised that the rich blood is conveyed in order to restore the tissues wasted by the functions of that organ, and so the stomach that is given rest does not get stronger, but the gastric juice gradually ceases to flow and you are finally compelled to resort to the continual use of artificial digestants.

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Mrs. R. H. Scott, 667 Queen street east, Toronto, states: “For a long time I was a great sufferer from nervous dyspepsia, and as a consequence of the stomach trouble I was nervous and sometimes had severe headaches and dizzy spells. Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I can say that my digestion is good, and as a result I have been entirely freed of the other troubles, some symptoms. I think this an excellent treatment for nervous dyspepsia, as well as an invaluable system-builder.”

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A Contrast.

In an article in the “Arena” for February, Eltweed Pomeroy writes of English and French national traits as shown in their deliberative assemblies—the House of Commons and the Chamber of Deputies respectively. Describing a visit to the latter, Mr. Pomeroy writes:

“The hands of the two big clocks—there must be one on each side to balance—approach two. A minute later the ushers, in full dress, each with a metal chain around his neck, arrange themselves in a row; the head usher announces in a loud voice to the few Deputies already there: ‘Monsieur le President!’ and the elegant Paul Duchanel enters and ascends to his seat on the third platform. The hall fills with Deputies. The audience quiets down. Without any roll-call, reading of minutes, or other preliminary, the President announces that Deputy Berry will speak.

“A stocky, businesslike Frenchman ascends the tribune. At first he speaks calmly, but, soon warming up, he expostulates, implores, entreats, commands, exhorts. Gestures are frequent and emphatic. It is an oration. A sharp remark starts a question from one side. Mr. Berry answers it. Another and another follow in rapid succession. A member stops walking in front and begins an excited explanation. Twelve or fifteen Deputies are talking at once. Mr. Berry shrugs his shoulders with an eloquent gesture of despair—as only a Frenchman can shrug. The President raps hard on the table; he rings his bell again and again, rises, and calls out: ‘Attention, gentlemen!’ The hubbub subsides and then ceases. The orator resumes with a flourish. It is Monsieur Berry, who speaks, gentlemen! Hear him! His hands are extended in entreaty. His voice has tears in it. He assumes the most graceful, nonchalant, and pleading attitude. The speaker below him has stopped with a most patient and resigned air. A stalwart usher comes to the front and shouts ‘Silence!’ in the full that follows, Mr. Berry makes the mistake of saying he could sing something that would convince them.

At once the shout, ‘Chantant! Chantant!’ (Singing!) goes up all over the house. Nothing can be heard in the din till Mr. Berry begins to talk in stentorian tones and gesticulates wildly and ends in an eloquent climax, which brings silence out of mere curiosity to hear him. A vote is taken and his motion is carried. Despite the noise, hubbub, and hubbub, the body moves and action is taken. An Englishman is bewildered and scandalized by the tumult. He does not understand the French love of a sensational effect and of display.

“President Duchanel has just been married. A little later, a witty Deputy in the course of his speech said, ‘I am a benedict,’ with a significant wave of his hand and head. At once a fusillade of questions were fired at him—why was he a benedict? how long would he stay a benedict? Was it good to be a benedict? The President arose, explained, pleaded, expostulated in a most pathetic and heart-rending manner. The orator talked below. The witty questions, bon-mots, and laughter scintillated across the floor. The audience in the boxes applauded and watched the actors through their opera-glasses. Ushers came out and shouted, ‘Silence!’ Silence! but no one paid any attention to them. It was as good as a circus. They were all actors, and acting with a verve, grace, and effectiveness utterly alien to the Anglo-Saxon.”

Turning to the British House of Commons, Mr. Pomeroy says that a policeman points the visitor through a magnificent hall into an equally magnificent octagonal lobby without any seats

in it. Halls leading out of it have seats, but a policeman tells you visitors are not allowed to sit on them. Policemen are everywhere, and they act as if they were the chief ornaments of the building. Even a member of the House must get a special permit to take a lady with the visiting party into the House restaurant. “While we are discussing the Parliament-toasted buns and tea, we notice a sentry pacing up and down on the outside terrace. On enquiry we find he was put there years ago, when the dynamite outrages stirred parliamentary sloth. The idea was that dynamite might be thrown from a boat on the river and destroy the buildings. He still paces.”

Illustrating this characteristic worship of precedent, the writer says to his friend, Mr. Corrie Grant, member for Leicester, cited a couple of interesting facts. On entering the chamber, every member bows three times. At first Mr. Grant thought they were bowing to the Speaker, as representing the dignity of the House. But one day he noticed the Speaker himself bowed three times on entering. He enquired, but he seemed to know the reason for this rule. The English in him became aroused and he went digging to find out. After a good deal of antiquarian research, he found that centuries ago, in the time of Henry VIII., the House of Commons met in St. Stephen's chapel, which of course was Roman Catholic, as that was then the State and all-prevailing religion. At the upper end was an altar, and everyone coming in bowed three times to the Holy Trinity—to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. They no longer meet in St. Stephen's chapel; the religion is gone; the altar is gone; the real reason for the rule is gone—but they still bow three times on entering.

Again, “In the House of Commons the members sit on benches without any desks. These benches run up and down the hall, and an aisle runs up the center. The Government members sit on one side and the Opposition on the other. They thus face each other. There are only enough seats for about a third of the members. That also is English. The arrangement of seats is awkward for speaking, but it is ‘old.’ Down each side of the aisle runs a narrow strip of red carpet. Should a member in talking overstep this red carpet, he is called to order and moves back. The two strips of red carpet are just a little farther apart than the length of a sword and the sword arm. They are a relic of the time when the armed knights sat on either side of the house and a member was forbidden to overstep this red carpet lest in the heat of debate he should draw his sword and injure or be injured. The swords have gone ages ago, and the violence of that medieval debate, but the red carpet and the rule without reason remains.”

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To be sure, a large amount of advertising was necessary in the first instance to bring the remedy to the attention of the public, but everyone familiar with the subject knows that advertising alone never made any article permanently successful. It must have in addition absolute, undeniable merit, and this the new cataract cure certainly possesses in a marked degree.

Physicians, who formerly depended upon inhalers, sprays and local washes or ointments, now use Stuart's Cataract Tablets because, as one of the most prominent agents, these tablets contain in pleasant, convenient form all the really efficient cataract remedies, such as red gum, blood root and similar antiseptics.

They contain no cocaine nor opiate, and are given to little children with entire safety and benefit.

Dr. J. J. Reitter of Covington, Ky., says: “I suffered from cataract of the eye for years, with stoppage of the nose and irritation in the throat affecting my voice and often extending to the stomach, causing cataract of the stomach. I bought a fifty-cent package of Stuart's Cataract Tablets at my druggist's, carried them in my pocket and used them faithfully, and the way in which they cleared my head and throat was certainly remarkable. I had no cataract last winter and spring and consider myself entirely free from any cataract trouble.”

Mrs. Jerome Ellison of Wheeling, W. Va., writes: “I suffered from cataract nearly my whole life, and last winter my two children also suffered from cataract colds and sore throat so much they were out of school a large portion of the winter. My brother who was cured of cataract of the eye by using Stuart's Cataract Tablets, urged me to try them so much that I did so, and am truly thankful for what they have done for myself and my children. I always keep a box of the tablets in the house, and at the first appearance of a cold or sore throat we nip it in the bud, and cataract is no longer a household affliction with us.”

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If any porter is good for you Carling's is better than any other. The reason is that it is made from the best materials, in the best way, and is thoroughly matured before being placed on the market.

Every bottle is guaranteed to be absolutely pure and sound. Your dealer can supply you.

Carling

The Great Unsatisfied.

The men who are not satisfied—
Are they who set the pace—
The men who do not meet defeat
With calm, contented face;
The men who labor on and on
With minds and fingers skilled—
They are the great unsatisfied
Who plan and fight and build.

The men who are not satisfied—
They are the ones who lead;
They force humanity ahead
By strident word and deed.
They bring us out of bygone ways;
They guide us through the dark
To where some man, unsatisfied,
Has set a shining mark.

The men who are not satisfied—
They gird the world with wires;
They belt the land with rails of steel
And pierce the air with spires;
They loose the leash of sweet content
With which mankind is tied.
We'll never pay the debt we owe
The men unsatisfied.
—Baltimore "American."

or person in sight. The girl, who was a splendid horsewoman, was riding along with a native servant. She caught sight of the vessel in distress; turning her horse's head toward the coast, she started him on a quick gallop. When she reached the sea she urged her horse into the angry surf. She rode boldly on till she reached the vessel. With great difficulty she took some of the children in her arms and put them before her on the saddle; then, with bigger children and women clinging to her dress, she started for the shore, gave those she had rescued to the care of her servant, and returned again to the wreck. So she went backward and forward for four hours, till all were safe on land, the servant having ridden to bring out the last man.—“Leslie's Weekly.”

The Democracy of Children.

ONE amusing trait in children is their unconscious democracy. They are nearly always democratic when permitted any latitude. The desire for playmates levels sense of caste, if any exists. On a street through which I often pass there is a coterie of children who blend with the most thorough harmony, although they are of quite different social strata. One of the boys is a “smart” young gentleman in knickerbockers, always well groomed; another is a little Italian; a third, the thin, restless, wide awake son of a housekeeper. One of the little girls is a negress, with her woolly hair standing out from her head in thin, curved-up tails. She is quite a belle in this “mixed” company.—Harper's “Bazar.”

Florida, Summerville and Charleston, S.C., Pinehurst and Asheville, N.C., and other Winter Resorts of the SUNNY SOUTHLAND best reached via SOUTHERN RAILWAY

From Washington, D.C. The Southern Railway owns and operates over 8,000 miles of road, and has out of Washington daily six (6) fast through trains, composed of Pullman sleeping cars, dining cars and day coaches. Direct connection made at Washington with both morning and evening trains from Western New York and Pennsylvania. The Southern Railway is the route of the “Southern's Palm Limited” and the “Washington & Southwestern Limited,” the most magnificent trains operated in the South; offering to the tourist and traveling public complete service and fast schedules. For full particulars, copies of Winter Homes and Battle-field folders, Charleston Exposition pamphlets, rates, schedule information, etc. call on nearest ticket agent, or write L. S. Brown, General Agent, Southern Railway, Washington, D.C.

He—Darling wife, can't you persuade your mother to have a worm?—“Life.”

A Girl's Daring Feat.

IT seems hardly possible that a girl of sixteen should save nearly fifty people from a terrible death. Yet that is what Grace Bassell did, who may well be called the Grace Darling of Australia. It happened one day in December that a vessel was wrecked off the coast of Australia, a few miles from the Bassell home. The lifeboat on board the steamer was lowered, but it capsized and the eight people in it were drowned. So the rest of the crew clung to the sinking steamer. The surf ran so wildly that no one could dare swim through it, and there was not a house

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Colors Brushes Oils &c
Plants Roman Gold
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71 KING ST EAST TORONTO

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA

Can Never be Cured by Mere Temporary Aids to Digestion—The Nerves Must be Restored and Filled With Vitalizing Nerve Force.

You know that certain drugs, such as pepsin and bismuth, bring about artificial digestion, and if you have dyspepsia or indigestion it is possible that, like hosts of others, you have taken these into the stomach, hoping that they will take the place of gastric juice and other digestive fluids, digest the food and by resting the stomach effect a cure.

Did you ever hear of a bodily organ being strengthened by inactivity? It is to the organ that is exercised that the rich blood is conveyed in order to restore the tissues wasted by the functions of that organ, and so the stomach that is given rest does not get stronger, but the gastric juice gradually ceases to flow and you are finally compelled to resort to the continual use of artificial digestants.

If instead of these temporary aids you seek permanent cure you must treat the nerves, because, as you will understand by a study of the accompanying cut, it is the nerves that control the glands of the stomach, and only when the supply of nerve force is liberal is digestion rightly performed and the body properly nourished.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is no experiment, as you know if you have read the hundreds of testimonials that are appearing in the daily press. We recommend it for nervous dyspepsia and indigestion because it has actually cured scores and hundreds of cases. Here is an interesting letter:

Mrs. R. H. Scott, 667 Queen street east, Toronto, states: “For a long time I was a great sufferer from nervous dyspepsia, and as a consequence of the stomach trouble I was nervous and sometimes had severe headaches and dizzy spells. Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I can say that my digestion is good, and as a result I have been entirely freed of the other troubles, some symptoms. I think this an excellent treatment for nervous dyspepsia, as well as an invaluable system-builder.”

This treatment will prove equally effective in your case, because it actually contains the most powerful restoratives known to the medical profession. It cures by building up the system and instilling new vital nerve force into the wasted and depleted nerve cells. 25 cents a box; 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A Contrast.

In an article in the “Arena” for February, Eltweed Pomeroy writes of English and French national traits as shown in their deliberative assemblies—the House of Commons and the Chamber of Deputies respectively. Describing a visit to the latter, Mr. Pomeroy writes:

“The hands of the two big clocks—there must be one on each side to balance—approach two. A minute later the ushers, in full dress, each with a metal chain around his neck, arrange themselves in a row; the head usher announces in a loud voice to the few Deputies already there: ‘Monsieur le President!’ and the elegant Paul Duchanel enters and ascends to his seat on the third platform. The hall fills with Deputies. The audience quiets down. Without any roll-call, reading of minutes, or other preliminary, the President announces that Deputy Berry will speak.

“A stocky, businesslike Frenchman ascends the tribune. At first he speaks calmly, but, soon warming up, he expostulates, implores, entreats, commands, exhorts. Gestures are frequent and emphatic. It is an oration. A sharp remark starts a question from one side. Mr. Berry answers it. Another and another follow in rapid succession. A member stops walking in front and begins an excited explanation. Twelve or fifteen Deputies are talking at once. Mr. Berry shrugs his shoulders with an eloquent gesture of despair—as only a Frenchman can shrug. The President raps hard on the table; he rings his bell again and again, rises, and calls out: ‘Attention, gentlemen!’ The hubbub subsides and then ceases. The orator resumes with a flourish. It is Monsieur Berry, who speaks, gentlemen! Hear him! His hands are extended in entreaty. His voice has tears in it. He assumes the most graceful, nonchalant, and pleading attitude. The speaker below him has stopped with a most patient and resigned air. A stalwart usher comes to the front and shouts ‘Silence!’ in the full that follows, Mr. Berry makes the mistake of saying he could sing something that would convince them.

At once the shout, ‘Chantant! Chantant!’ (Singing!) goes up all over the house. Nothing can be heard in the din till Mr. Berry begins to talk in stentorian tones and gesticulates wildly and ends in an eloquent climax, which brings silence out of mere curiosity to hear him. A vote is taken and his motion is carried. Despite the noise, hubbub, and hubbub, the body moves and action is taken. An Englishman is bewildered and scandalized by the tumult. He does not understand the French love of a sensational effect and of display.

“President Duchanel has just been married. A little later, a witty Deputy in the course of his speech said, ‘I am a benedict,’ with a significant wave of his hand and head. At once a fusillade of questions were fired at him—why was he a benedict? how long would he stay a benedict? Was it good to be a benedict? The President arose, explained, pleaded, expostulated in a most pathetic and heart-rending manner. The orator talked below. The witty questions, bon-mots, and laughter scintillated across the floor. The audience in the boxes applauded and watched the actors through their opera-glasses. Ushers came out and shouted, ‘Silence!’ Silence! but no one paid any attention to them. It was as good as a circus. They were all actors, and acting with a verve, grace, and effectiveness utterly alien to the Anglo-Saxon.”

Turning to the British House of Commons, Mr. Pomeroy says that a policeman points the visitor through a magnificent hall into an equally magnificent octagonal lobby without any seats

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Can Never be Cured by Mere Temporary Aids to Digestion—The Nerves Must be Restored and Filled With Vitalizing Nerve Force.

You know that certain drugs, such as pepsin and bismuth, bring about artificial digestion, and if you have dyspepsia or indigestion it is possible that, like hosts of others, you have taken these into the stomach, hoping that they will take the place of gastric juice and other digestive fluids, digest the food and by resting the stomach effect a cure.

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WHAT THE
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SAY OF THE

Pianola

It is perfection. PADEREWSKI.
I can freely say the Pianola gives me more pleasure than I have had from thousands of so-called treats of pianistic efforts.

Anyone hidden in a room near by who will hear the Pianola for the first time will surely think that it is a great virtuoso that plays.

MOSKOWSKI.
I was greatly delighted to hear the Pianola play the Chopin Study at my own tempo. I feel quite sure that nothing has more closely approached hand-playing.

MORIZ ROSENTHAL.
I am astonished at the possibilities of the Pianola and the inventor commands my most profound admiration in bringing out an instrument whose playing has the characteristics of the work of the human fingers.

V. DE PACHMANN.
Hearing the instrument lately for the first time I was in the highest degree astonished and enchanted with the artistic results a musical player can produce with it.

ERNEST VON DOHNANYI.
I have derived much pleasure from playing upon and listening to your Pianola, which I consider a very remarkable invention.

HAROLD BAUER.
The Pianola offers facilities for expression that will enable an intelligent player to give a very close imitation of hand-playing. It is my opinion that in all essential respects of artistic piano-playing the Pianola is the best instrument of this type to produce the piano music.

JOSEF HOFMANN.

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Social and Personal.

The West End Euchre Club held one of the most successful and enjoyable meetings of the season at the beautiful residence of Dr. and Mrs. Tyrrell, Rusholme road. A dainty supper was provided, with a dance afterwards. The members present were Mrs. Van der Linde, Mr. Van der Linde, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Denison, Mr. and Mrs. John Featherstonhaugh, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Thompson, Miss Schultz, Miss Tottle Nicol, Miss Featherstonhaugh, Miss Stammers, Miss Georgie Stammers, Miss May Brown, Miss C. Denison, Messrs. G. Byers, Towers, Joe Thompson, Dr. Trow, J. Clark, Stuart Smart, J. Macdonell, Mr. Schultz, Mr. Walter Stewart, Mr. Sairs, Mr. Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Parker and their son, R. Gordon Parker, of 26 Louthavenue, Toronto, sailed on the "Oceanic" for Liverpool on February 5.

The annual At Home of the St. Andrew's College Literary Society will take place on Friday, February 14, St. Valentine's Day. This year the At Home will take the form of an afternoon tea, beginning at half-past four o'clock, and will be continued throughout the evening for the entertainment of the young people more especially.

It will interest Toronto friends of the bride to read that the marriage of Miss Lucy James, the youngest surviving daughter of the late Mr. William James of Cheltenham, England, and Mr. William Eockes, late supervisor of Inland Revenue, now of Swindon, Gloucestershire, and North Denes street, Yarmouth, took place last month at St. Mary's Church, Cheltenham. The bride looked charming in a silver-gray cashmere dress, trimmed with gray silk and cream lace, and gray silk toque trimmed with cream lace and ospreys, fastened with silver buckles set in brilliants. She carried a magnificent bouquet, the gift of Mrs. and Mr. Tressider. The bridesmaids—Miss Eockes, Miss Carter and Miss Hewins—were dressed alike in Wedgwood blue, trimmed with lace insertion and black ribbon velvet, with hats to match. They carried lovely bouquets in white and pink, with cream satin ribbon streamers, and wore gold brooches set with pearls and sapphires, the gifts of the bridegroom. Rev. T. Hattersley Smith, master of Cheltenham College, performed the ceremony and presented the bride with a handsome morocco-bound prayer-book, which he used therefor. The bride was given away by Mr. George Hughes, and the best man was Mr. Frederick Sutton, nephew of the bride. A goodly number of guests had assembled at the church to witness the ceremony, and afterwards attended the dejeuner at the home of the bride, where a large display of handsome presents was on view.

Varsity sitting like a queen amid the colleges in the Queen's Park, was the scene of a bright and notable function on Wednesday night, when the whole great pile was thrown open to invited guests, and the annual conversal was "on." It was this year a very successful one, as all the guests agreed, and from the welcome in the dead language which met them on their arrival to the good-night and auf wiedersehen which bid them depart, there was a jolly and congenial atmosphere abroad. In the class-rooms the various professors gave exhibitions and elucidations, which were favorably regarded by the more sedate, but were foolish waste of time to the giddy young things of the petticoat brigade and their student cavaliers who were filling up their dance programmes. Miss Mowat, Miss Marjorie Mowat, Captain Straubenzie, A.D.C., Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. McPhedran, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Sweny were a very smart group. Miss Helen McCaul of London, sister of Mrs. Hutton, wore pale gray with white point d'esprit. Mrs. Hutton, in a smart black lace gown, touched with white and mounted on white silk, received with her husband, Principal Hutton, and Mrs. McCurdy assisted them. Lady Meredith was present, in a quiet black gown; Sir William, being slightly indisposed, did not attend. Dancing was, as usual, the chief amusement of the evening, and after the official quadrille the two lecture halls were a kaleidoscope of bright faces, bright colors and graceful figures gliding by in the waltz and two-step of these last days—or rather, nights—of the season. The usual fine decorations, particularly in the entrance hall (the doors of which were closed, guests entering by the east side), were most tastefully disposed. It is an immense undertaking to get such a fine effect in this vast seat of learning. Vice-President Ramsay Wright

CANADA'S GREATEST PIANO & ORGAN HOUSE
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188 YONGE ST. TORONTO

Some Art Pianos

THE senior member of our house has recently returned from a visit to the principal centers of the piano-making industry in the United States. Incidentally he secured some of the finest specimens of the piano-makers' art which have ever graced the floors of a Canadian wareroom.

That some of them are made by such eminent firms as Hardman of New York and Emerson of Boston is a sufficient guarantee of their musical excellence. We wish, however, to speak of the beauty of the cases of these specially selected instruments. Two of them (by Hardman of N.Y.) are of pure Grecian design, which must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. The cases are in San Domingo mahogany. Another by Emerson of Boston is in tulip wood, marvelously mottled and further relieved by a delicate tracery carved by hand. Either of these instruments would give an added charm to even the most tastefully furnished home. For prices, terms, illustrations, etc., call upon us or write us.

HERE'S A BARGAIN

A 71 octave Gerhard Heintzman Upright Piano. Used less than four months. Handsome case, ivory and ebony keys, double repeating action, neatly carved panels, 3 pedals. Practically new—not a mark on it. Original price \$375. Bargain price for this instrument only \$290 on terms of \$15.00 CASH and \$6.00 PER MONTH, or we will give a discount of 10 per cent. for cash. Satisfaction guaranteed. Stool, cover and packing free. Write at once.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

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188 YONGE ST.

HAMILTON
66 KING ST. W.

PRINCESS

WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, FEB. 10 MATS. WED. & SAT.
CURTAIN RISES AT 8 P.M. SHARP

THE GREAT MUSICAL SUCCESS
DAINTY! DELIGHTFUL! DELICIOUS!

SAN TOY

A Chinese-English Musical Comedy

With its Picturesque Scenes, Beautiful Oriental Costumes, Fun, Dances and Wealth of Musical Numbers by

THE AUGUSTIN DALY MUSICAL COMPANY

CHORUS OF 75 AUGUSTED ORCHESTRA

As Played All Last Season at Daly's Theater, N.Y., and Nearly Three Years at Daly's, London.

was the most charming of hosts. Mrs. Ramsay Wright was, unfortunately, not well enough to venture out. President and Mrs. Loudon were, as usual, most kind and interested in the well-being of the guests. Dr. W. P. Thompson, president of the Literary Society, was, of course, a prominent member of the reception party.

Among the many delightful dinner parties given this week were two at as usual, the chief amusement of the evening, and after the official quadrille the two lecture halls were a kaleidoscope of bright faces, bright colors and graceful figures gliding by in the waltz and two-step of these last days—or rather, nights—of the season. The usual fine decorations, particularly in the entrance hall (the doors of which were closed, guests entering by the east side), were most tastefully disposed. It is an immense undertaking to get such a fine effect in this vast seat of learning. Vice-President Ramsay Wright

Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion gives a tea this afternoon, and Mrs. Christopher Robinson of Beverley House gives one on Monday.

Mrs. J. C. MacDougall is going to visit Mrs. Hanbury Budden, in Montreal.

Monday evening Mrs. Goff of Jarvis street, assisted by Miss McLeay, entertained a number of young friends at a musical dance. Among those who took part were Mr. Arthur Blakeley, Miss Schofield, Mr. Ivan Wright, Miss Mabel McLeay, Miss Connie Eatches, Miss Love, Mr. Jelly and Mr. Egan.

Mrs. Fred Kent, 91 Bloor street west, will not receive again until March 7.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Yates came up for the Beardmore-Gzowski wedding, as did also Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Allan and several other smart Easterners. Mr. Stanislaus Gzowski, eldest brother of the bride, was also able to get down, though his foremen being both ill, it was difficult.



'Pink Peony'
SEELY'S
Latest
Odor

A perfume of refinement. At all druggists.

FIRST TIME IN TORONTO IN ENGLISH
Sophocles' immortal tragedy

ANTIGONE

WITH MENDELSSOHN'S MUSIC

Stage production and Greek Chorus Dances under direction of Mr. H. N. Shaw. Chorus of 50 and complete Orchestra of 50, conducted by Mr. F. H. TORRINGTON.

MASSEY HALL Friday Evening, Saturday Afternoon and Evening.

FEBRUARY 14 and 15

Prices—\$1, 75c, 50c. Sale of seats begins on Tuesday morning next.

DR. ROBERT J. READE, M.A.

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Has moved to the Bank of Commerce Building (Cor. of Bloor and Yonge Streets.) Main entrance Yonge St. Tel.—North 156.

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GRAND OPERA HOUSE

WEEK OF Monday, FEB. 10

WEDNESDAY MATINEES SATURDAY

Special Engagement of the Brilliant Emotional Actress

EUGENIE BLAIR

IN TWO FAMOUS PLAYS

Monday Evening Wednesday Mat. Friday Evening

CAMILLE

PEO

WEDNESDAY MAT. SATURDAY

WOFFINGTON

FIRST TIME ANYWHERE AT GRAND OPERA HOUSE SPECIAL PRICES.

SEATS NOW ON SALE

SHEA'S THEATER

EVENING PRICES, 25 and 50. MATINEES DAILY, all seats 25.

HELENE MORA

COLIBRIS MIDGETS

PRESS ELDRIDGE

MIGNONETTE KOKIN

PREVOST & PREVOST

SISSON & STEWART

And THE GREAT

KAUFFMAN TROUPE

Ontario And Ontario Conservatory of Music, Whitby, Ont.

Ladies' Annual Conversazione

FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 14.

Special train for Whitby will leave the Union Station, Toronto, at 7 p.m. sharp.

For railway tickets and tickets of admission apply to MR. R. C. HAMILTON (Kay, Banks, Love & Hamilton), 27-29 Wellington St. East, Toronto.

MENDELSSOHN CHOIR

A. S. VOGT, Conductor.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Special Concert by the Choir.

Assisted by the famous

Pittsburgh Orchestra

VICTOR HERBERT, Conductor.

In Massey Hall, Thursday Evening, Feb. 20

Plan opens to subscribers at Massey Hall on Thursday morning, Feb. 13th, and to the public on and after Friday morning, Feb. 14th.

Reserved Seats, \$1.50, \$1.00 and 75c.

R.I.P.A.N.S

There is scarcely any condition of ill-health that is not benefited by the occasional use of a R.I.P.A.N.S. Tablet. For sale by Druggists.

The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 50 cents, contains a supply for a year.

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loses all its magnificence on an ordinary key-board. How much more does the ordinary performer need a good instrument?

We offer you the best in the piano-makers' world to-day.

—The sympathetic richness and brilliancy of tone in the

Heintzman & Co. piano, and

its wonderful singing quality,

combined with the delicate

case of touch, easily place this

instrument in the front ranks

of the leading manufacturers

of the world.—N.Y. Times

famous Italian pianist.

YE OLD FIRM OF...

Heintzman & Co.

115-117 King St. West Toronto

Campana's Italian Balm

is not an oily preparation, but a rather thick Liquid which brightens and preserves the complexion.

Banishes Freckles, Chaps and Wrinkles.

Refuse inferior substitutes. Sold by most druggists at 25c., or mailed to any address on receipt of 27c. by the proprietors.

The Hutchings Medicine Co., Toronto

FINEST HAIR-GOODS and HAIR-DRESSING

We are Direct Importers of First Quality Hair.

Our manufacturing department excels all others. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue of Ladies' and Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Bangs, Switches, etc. For up-to-date Hair Dressing Tel. Main 1561.

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103-105 Yonge Street, Toronto

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719 YONGE STREET

Specialties in Catering

Banquets, Dinners, Receptions, etc.

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The Arlington Hotel, TORONTO, Ont.

Special rates now being given to winter boarders—rooms single, en suite and with private bathrooms.

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THE ARLINGTON HOTEL, RESTAURANT and CAFE

One of the most artistic and best appointed Restaurants in Canada. Dinners and suppers for theater parties are a special feature.

A most charming rendezvous for ladies to meet in and have afternoon tea. Open from 5 p.m. to 1 a.m.

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A choice collection of foreign designs specially selected for our own trade.

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Old Point Comfort VIRGINIA

It is always the same. It is peculiar to itself. The traveler finds here generous hospitality, the cheerful way of looking at things, liberal accommodations, and comfort in general. THE CHAMBERLIN NOW OPEN.

Patrons have the privilege of the Hampton Roads Club and Country Club. 11 11 11

George A. Keeler

Resident Manager

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.



Fairweather's

Alteration Sale

Pattern Garments

Every lady knows what pattern garments mean—just a little more style to them—extra touches here and there in the making and finishing of them. Because they sell for more than the ordinary stock garments, reductions now are more marked, but they are genuine reductions and these special lots are exceptional values.

1 only Alaska Seal Jacket, trimmed with natural plucked Alaska Seal, bust 36, length 24, price was \$25.00, this week... 185.00

1 only White Broad Tail Blouse Eton Jacket, black applique trimmings, bust 36, was \$15.00, for... 115.00

Electric Seal Eton Jacket, with plucked collar and facings, was 42.50

65.00, for... 65.00

1 Electric Seal Jacket, 22 inch long, Alaska Seal collar and facings, reduced from 50.00 to... 37.50

French Broadcloth Automobile, trimmed with baby lamb applique, fancy brocade lining, bust 36, length 45 inches, was \$75.00, for... 200.00

1 only Persian Lamb Jacket, ermine and baby lamb collar and cuffs, bust 34, length 20 inches, was \$75.00, for... 125.00

1 Electric Seal Automobile, real chinchilla collar, revers and cuffs, 38 inch bust, 42 inches long, was \$75.00, for... 110.00

1 Electric Seal Automobile, pointed fox collar, revers and cuffs, 38 inch bust, was \$50.00, for... 100.00

84 Yonge St.



MARIE CELESTE AS SAN TOY AT THE PRINCESS THEATER NEXT WEEK.



PLAYING ACCOMPANIMENTS WITH THE PIANOLA.

THE PIANOLA--A Modern Invention

Three years ago an instrument was made to simplify piano playing, and a new word was coined to give it a name.

To-day that word is embodied in the language of every civilized people of the globe, and symbolizes to thousands upon thousands of human beings one of the happiest elements of home life.

The splendid success achieved by the Pianola is natural, as the world has been preparing for it for almost two hundred years.

Since the invention of the hammer-clavier or the forte-piano by Christofori, about 1711, that instrument or its prototype, the piano of to-day, has superseded all others as the universal home instrument.

And the Pianola is nothing but a simplified method of playing the piano. Hence it only does better something which has been done for centuries.

It represents the application of modern science and mechanical ingenuity to a time-old process.

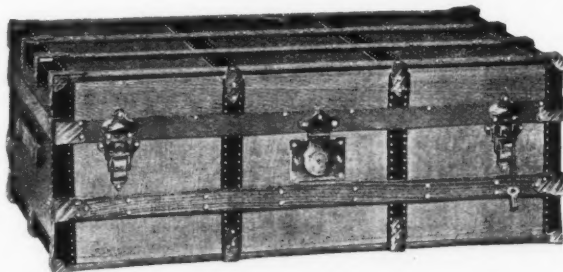
It enables anyone, irrespective of any musical training, to play the most popular instrument in the world practically without practice and without preparation, and to play it better than any but the greatest artists, without sacrificing in any way the visual element of individual expression.

Therefore, the Pianola's rise to a universal popularity is logical, legitimate and natural, and merely emphasizes the broadmindedness of an age ready to investigate and quick to appreciate merit.

If you have not heard the piano played with the assistance of the Pianola, it may be difficult for you to understand its wonderful success. Certainly you are robbing yourself of an opportunity to judge of an instrument which may prove of inestimable value to you. Visitors welcome. Catalogue upon request.

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., Limited

32 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO



Send for our
Illustrated
Catalogue,
No. 8 S,
showing our
full line of
Trunks and
Bags, with
prices.

No other establishment in Canada can show you the complete range of STEAMER TRUNKS that we can. Prices range from \$5.00 to \$30.00.

No. 854 is Leather Bound with Brass Corners, all Riveted, Linen Lined, with Tray. 32 in., \$11.00; 34 in., \$11.50; 36 in., \$12.00.
No. 855 is Rawhide Bound, with Solid Brass Corners, all Riveted, Excelsior Lined, two Keys, Linen Lined, with Tray. 32 in., \$10.00; 34 in., \$10.50; 36 in., \$10.75.

These prices include lettering and delivery charges in Ontario.

The Julian Sale 105 King West

Not Only the Economy Nor Yet the Comfort Alone

But the healthfulness of having a reliable, even warmth all winter through, and the consequent avoidance of doctors' bills--these are strong reasons why you should choose the

OXFORD Heating System.

These excellent Boilers and Radiators will give you the finest winter service obtainable. Hosts of people who have tested their capabilities will tell you so.

Let Us Give You All the Interesting Particulars--
If Your Dealer Isn't Fully Posted.

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited

TORONTO--WINNIPEG--VANCOUVER

THE GURNEY-MASSEY CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL

Social and Personal.

"Dear Old Trinity," as they call it on the west side, was brightly "en fete" for the annual convocation on Tuesday evening, and never have the arrangements been more satisfactory for the young folk and their chaperones, who always enjoy Trinity in a particular fashion which no other college can afford. Convocation Hall was the Mecca of the dancers, and by a new and obviously good arrangement the orchestra was stationed at the big doorway at the head of convocation stair, and dancing arranged for in the large entrance hall also, relieving the crowding and quite doing away with the "jam" at the entrance to the Convocation Hall. The

two little Jacob's ladder stairways at either side of the main steps were used for entrance and exit respectively, and everyone very much appreciated the change. The lady patronesses received and afterwards occupied the front row of seats in the gallery, to watch the dance. Miss Mowat, in a smart black gown paillette; Mrs. Christopher Robinson of Beverley House, in primrose silk, with black trimmings and some fine lace; Mrs. Rigby, in olive velvet and cream lace; Mrs. Henderson, in black lace over white; Mrs. Armour, in a rich white brocade, with knots of ruby velvet and deep white lace; Mrs. Christopher Baines, in a most fetching black gown, looking exceedingly well, were a group of patronesses

and guests of which Trinity is justly proud. Mrs. Symons, a graceful and delightful bride of this winter, wore a handsome pale green gown, with a lovely bertha of deep white lace. Mrs. Hanning, another young matron, wore a very smart black gown, the square décolletage outlined with a broad pallid hand. Mrs. Ambrey chaperoned the dainty debutante, Miss Gretchen Gilbert, who looked very pretty in white. Miss Osler of Craigleith, in black, and Miss Athol Boulton were very charming. Miss Marjorie Mowat wore white satin and chiffon. Miss Holt wore the handsomest white gown, a lustrous satin, with many tucks and dainty ruffles of white chiffon; Miss Holt is a very brilliant brunette, and was most popular. Miss Taylor, a very pretty blonde, in a most becoming blue frock, was much admired. Miss Alice Baines, always lovable and pretty; Miss Marion Armour, a most charming young girl; Miss Allayne Jones, in a smart white mousseline and lace frock; Miss Josie Monahan, in black, touched with pink; Miss Ryerson, in white brightened with turquoise; the Misses Whisk, lately of Barrie; Miss Carrie Fuller, the Misses Jessie, Dora, Cecil and May Denison, the Misses May and Gertrude Kirkpatrick, Miss Co. Ke, were some of the smart and pretty maidens to whom one might willingly apply the "Florodora" question, "Are there any more at home like you?" The greatest charm of Trinity, however, is not the dance, but the various pretty "dens" of the men in residence, where favored fair ones skip dances and enjoy delightful chit-chat, and the more pretentious and formal reception held in the professors' library, where Dr. and Mrs. Clark have a bounteous table and a heartsome welcome for all their friends. Lately another has been added in the general provost's pretty drawing-room, where on Tuesday his sister, Mrs. Fleming of Streatham House, received with the provost. It is a charming room, full of pretty things, and a very dainty supper was served to the lady patronesses, the Government House party and some friends of the provost. His Worship the Mayor among them. Many missed the kind welcome of Miss Strachan and Professor Jones, whose quarters are shut up and their hospitable occupants gone away across the seas. Professor Young, Professor Duckworth, Professor Mackenzie and others did everything to add to the pleasure of the guests. Taking it altogether, the conversation was a very great success.

The annual convocations of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, is to be held on Friday evening, February 14. A special train will leave the Union Station at 7 p.m. for Whitby.

The annual At Home of the Grey County Old Boys' Association on Monday evening in St. George's Hall was attended by about two hundred members and afterwards occupied the front row of seats in the gallery, to watch the dance. Miss Mowat, in a smart black gown paillette; Mrs. Christopher Robinson of Beverley House, in primrose silk, with black trimmings and some fine lace; Mrs. Rigby, in olive velvet and cream lace; Mrs. Henderson, in black lace over white; Mrs. Armour, in a rich white brocade, with knots of ruby velvet and deep white lace; Mrs. Christopher Baines, in a most fetching black gown, looking exceedingly well, were a group of patronesses

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dance was given under the distinguished patronage of Miss Mowat, Lady Kirkpatrick, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Alfred Baker, Mrs. Laurence Buchanan, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. W. H. Ellis, Mrs. Gairbairn, Mrs. London, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Sweeney and Mrs. Ramsay Wright. Mr. Snively was a gem of a secretary.

Mrs. Townsend of Cecil street was the hostess of a very successful and enjoyable dance given for the friends of her young daughter, Miss Ethel Townsend. Mrs. Townsend wore a handsome black silk grenadine over mauve silk, the velvet corsage trimmed with Persian embroideries and gold sequins. The charming daughter of the house, Miss Ethel Townsend, looked very lovely in a dainty gown of white Brussels net over white taffeta, the overdress appliqued with large half-moons of taffeta. The decorations were very pretty and effective, the supper table being done with white hyacinths, pink roses, pink silk and white tulle, the rest of the room looking very inviting with large palms and ferns. Miss Nellie Akers looked very pretty in black. Miss Maude Akers in white, Miss Muriel Maddison in white crepe de chine with lace applications, Miss Ruby Coyle of Montreal in a dainty frock of white point d'esprit over white Liberty satin. Some of those present were the Misses Nellie and Maude Akers, Miss Frances Byford, Miss Madeline Carter, Miss Muriel Maddison, Miss Ruby Coyle, Miss Barcham (England), Miss Daisy Foster, Miss Barnett (St. Catharines), Miss Nihan (St. Catharines), Miss F. McConnell, Miss F. McCullough, Miss Easson, Miss Hawley, Miss Gertrude Purse, Miss Evans, the Misses Murray, Miss Henderson, Miss Sewell, Miss Lee, Miss Ross, Miss Matheson, Miss Ruby Frazee, Miss Louise Hart, Mr. Jim Foy, Mr. Frank Allan, Mr. Harry Bourlier, Mr. Norman Young, Mr. Alexander Gillies, Mr. Douglas Young, Mr. Hal Thorne, Mr. Bert Proctor, Mr. R. Cameron, Mr. Kent, Mr. Robert Merritt, Mr. Willie Farmer, Mr. Calvin Gairbairn (Collingwood), Mr. Fred Candwell (Brantford), Mr. Lorne Sinclair, Mr. Percy Temple, Mr. T. Temple, Mr. Tom Fahey, Mr. Gordon Townsend, Mr. Warwick Maddison, Mr. Mowat, Mr. Hal Brent, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Adams, and many others.

On Friday evening, January 31, Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, 260 Carlton street, entertained some of their friends at a most enjoyable progressive euchre party. Guests for fourteen tables had been invited. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. M. Currey, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Verral, Mr. and Mrs. Carr Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Martin and Miss Mann, Mr. and Mrs. A. Patison, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Eastwood, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Tinning, Mr. R. Dinnis.

Mr. Edward Osler, Mr. Neil McLean, Mrs. A. R. McMaster, Miss McMaster, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Bailey, Mr. J. H. Plummer, Miss Plummer, Dr. James MacCallum, Mrs. Lamb, Mrs. Disette, Miss Thorne, Mr. Charles E. Thorne of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Doolittle, Mr. and Mrs. A. Morgan of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. E. Cons, Mr. Royal T. Needham of Buffalo are registered at the Welland, St. Catharines. Quite a number of tired society folk will go for rest, bathing and massage to this cosy place during Lent.

An exceedingly smart little concert was gotten up by Mrs. Bath for St. George's people on Tuesday evening. When the schoolhouse contained quite a brilliant audience. The programme was excellent and full of charm, the fair promoter giving several recitations capitally.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
Plaxton--At Parry Sound, on Saturday, January 25th, the wife of Dr. Otto G. Plaxton, of 22, Toronto, Mrs. H. H. Hudson--Feb. 3, Toronto, Mrs. H. H. Hudson, a son.
Laidlaw--Feb. 2, Toronto, Mrs. C. Shedden Laidlaw, a daughter.
Hamilton--Feb. 5, Toronto, Mrs. Frederick Hamilton, a daughter.
Coutts--Jan. 28, Toronto, Mrs. W. J. Coutts, a daughter.
Dixon--Feb. 2, Toronto, Mrs. George E. Dixon, a daughter.
Pratt--Jan. 31, Toronto, Mrs. Isaac A. Pratt, a son.

Marriages.
Durham--Miles--On Wednesday evening, January 29th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 28 Ossington avenue, Toronto, by the Rev. Wm. Briggs, T. Herbert Durham to Elizabeth J. Miles.
King--Stuart--Feb. 4, Niagara Falls, N.Y., Wm. Ponting King, Jr., to Violet Theresa Stuart.
Graham--Beattie--Jan. 30, Toronto, Walter M. Graham to Mary Elizabeth Beattie.
Henry--Pickett--Jan. 29, Toronto, George S. Henry, B.A., to Anna Kelta Pickett.
Ross--Matthews--Jan. 22, Toronto, John Kenneth Levison Ross to Ethel Adine Matthews.
Connolly--Fleming--Feb. 5, Toronto, Charles V. Connolly to Christyna Lily Fleming.

Deaths.
Donald--At Toronto, Feb. 3, 1902, John Donald, of Port Hope.
Phair--Toronto, Thomas H. Phair, aged 48.
Arnott--Feb. 3, Toronto, Emma Grace Arnott.
Jackson--Feb. 4, Oakville, James Jackson, aged 54.
Sherwood--Feb. 3, Toronto, John Morris Sherwood, aged 73.
Rogers--Toronto, Captain Wm. D. Rogers, aged 68.
Wagstaff--Feb. 3, Toronto, Frances Gertrude Wagstaff, aged 34.
Adams--Feb. 2, Toronto, William Adams, aged 62.
Perry--Feb. 2, Toronto, James Roy Perry, aged 62.
Harper--Feb. 1, Gravenhurst, Josie Hodgins Harper.
Wild--Anderson, Indiana, Mary Wild, aged 65.
Wallace--Jan. 31, Hamilton, Margaret Ann Wallace.
Hill--Jan. 30, Toronto, T. Adamson Hill.

Electrolysis, Massage and Manicuring
Superbuous Hair, Moles, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed. Freshness, beauty and contour restored to face and form. A perfect system of hand culture. We have the best facilities for our work, and every consideration for patients. Room 29, Old Fellows' Building, corner Yonge and College. Telephone, 362 N.

J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)
The Leading Undertaker
Phone 679. 359 YONGE STREET

Anglo-American Fire Insurance Company.

REPORT OF DIRECTORS

Presented at the Third Annual Meeting of Shareholders, Held at the Head Office of the Company, McKinnon Building, Toronto, on Tuesday, the Fourth Day of February, 1902.

Your Directors take pleasure in presenting their report and the statement of the Company's business for the year ending December 31st, 1901.

We are pleased to be in a position to state that the results from the extension of the Company's business to the other Provinces, which had only been partially arranged at the close of last year, have been most satisfactory, and we confidently look forward to a large increase of business during the present year.

The fire losses in Canada for the past year have been above the average, and your Directors therefore regard the surplus of \$34,251.12 on the year's business as most satisfactory, bringing up the Company's balance at the credit of Profit and Loss Account since organization, as it does, to the handsome sum of \$55,219.28.

The one prominent salient fact in the year's developments is that the insuring public are no longer content with the rates fixed by the Tariff offices, and it is pleasing to note the favorable character of the Company's prospects, notwithstanding the efforts of some representatives of the Tariff Companies to discredit the workings of this Office by spreading broadcast throughout Canada misleading and anonymous literature published in New York City.

Your Directors have much pleasure in expressing their appreciation of the faithful manner in which the Manager, Office Staff, General Agents, and Representatives of the Company have discharged their duties.

S. F. MCKINNON, President.

Financial Statement for Year Ending 31st December, 1901.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.	
Fire losses for year paid (net)	\$74,416.64
Fire losses under adjustment	\$5,409.72
Less reinsurance	1,755.42
Paid for reinsurance	62,938.93
Commission and other charges, including Government fee, license, and taxes, 33 1/3 per cent. off organization expenses, and all books, stationery, etc., and 10 per cent. off office furniture	32,967.32
Balance	31,879.50
	\$213,876.09
Premium income	\$226,921.97
Less rebates for cancellation	16,728.43
Interest account	\$210,193.54
	\$683.15

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.	
Balance from 1900	\$33,339.73
Balance from Revenue Account	31,879.50
	\$65,219.28

LIABILITIES.	ASSETS.
Capital stock paid in	\$5,160.00
Sundry accounts and reinsurance	6,291.91
Losses under adjustment at 31st Dec., 1901, of which \$1,755.42 is reinsurance	3,409.72
Balance at credit of profit and loss account	55,219.28
	\$150,080.91
Cash in hand and in Moulsons Bank	\$70,978.36
Bonds and debentures deposited with Dominion Government	64,607.87
Accrued interest on above	621.53
Agents' balances and other accounts	15,709.06
Office furniture, including God's maps	5,944.66
Organization expenses, balance carried forward	2,219.31
	\$150,080.91

SECURITY FOR POLICYHOLDERS.	
Subscribed Capital--	
Paid on stock	\$5,160.00
Balance to pay on stock	386,940.00
	\$472,100.00
Balance from Profit and Loss	55,219.28
	\$527,319.28

ARMSTRONG DEAN, General Manager.

To the President, Directors, and Shareholders of the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Company:
Gentlemen--We, the undersigned, having examined the vouchers, checked the bank balances, and audited the books of the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Company for the year ending 31st December, 1901, certify that we have found them correct, and that the annexed Balance Sheet is a true statement as at above date.

J. P. LANGLEY,
RICHARD LEE

Memo--The outstanding losses referred to above, amounting to \$3,409.72, have since been adjusted and paid, with the exception of \$250 not yet adjusted.

J. P. LANGLEY,
RICHARD LEE

Auditors.
Toronto, 28th January, 1902.

In moving the adoption of the report the President, S. F. McKinnon, Esq., said: I am again glad to welcome so many of the shareholders of the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Company at our annual meeting, showing, as it does, the strong interest taken in the affairs of the Company.

You will notice that the Revenue Account has very materially increased, the gross premium income of the year just closed being \$226,921.97, as against \$143,730.12 for the previous year, or a gain of \$83,191.85.

The net gain on the year's operations was \$34,251.12, and after writing 13 1/3 per cent. off organization expenses and 10 per cent. off office furniture, the balance, \$31,879.50, was carried to Profit and Loss Account, which, added to the surplus at the close of the year 1900, makes \$55,219.28 at the credit of Profit and Loss Account.

The cash assets of the Company now stand at \$140,979.28, as against \$108,399.78 for the year previous, showing a gain in this item of \$31,579.50.

For the security of the policyholders of the Company we now have as follows:

Amount paid capital stock	\$5,160.00
At credit of Profit and Loss Account	55,219.28
Uncalled capital subscribed	386,940.00
Making in all	\$527,319.28

Your Directors have much pleasure in stating that the Manager, Mr. Dean, and the staff have given their best services in the interests of the Company.

I have now great pleasure in moving the adoption of the report.
In seconding the adoption of the report John J. Long, Esq., Vice-President, said: Mr. President and Gentlemen: It affords me great pleasure to second the motion of the President for the adoption of the report of the Directors, the financial statement and auditors' report of the business of the Company for the past year ending the 31st of December.

Messrs. McLaughlin and McIntosh, who were appointed scrutineers, reported the following gentlemen elected as Directors for the ensuing year:

S. F. MCKINNON, Esq., S. F. McKinnon & Co., Toronto
J. J. LONG, Esq., The J. Long and Brother Company, Collingwood
A. A. ALLAN, Esq., Messrs. A. A. Allan & Co., of Cornwall
JOHN R. BARBER, Esq., Pres. Toronto Paper Co., Georgetown
DR. GEORGE H. BOWLEY, Esq., Kingston
H. P. ECKARDT, Esq., Messrs. H. P. Eckardt & Co., Toronto
JOHN FLETT, Esq., Flett, Lowndes & Co. (Limited), Toronto
JOHN GOWANS, Esq., Messrs. Gowans, Kent & Co., Toronto
W. J. GAGE, Esq., The W. J. Gage Company (Limited), Toronto
JOHN KNOX, Esq., Messrs. Knox, Morgan & Co., Hamilton
R. MILLICAMP, Esq., Messrs. Millcamp, Coyle & Co., Toronto
J. N. SHENSTONE, Esq., Sec.-Treas. Massey-Harris Co. (Limited), Toronto
DR. URIAH M. STANLEY, Esq., Brantford
HUGH WADDELL, Esq., Peterborough

At a meeting of the newly-elected Board of Directors Messrs. S. F. McKinnon and J. J. Long were elected President and Vice-President respectively.